

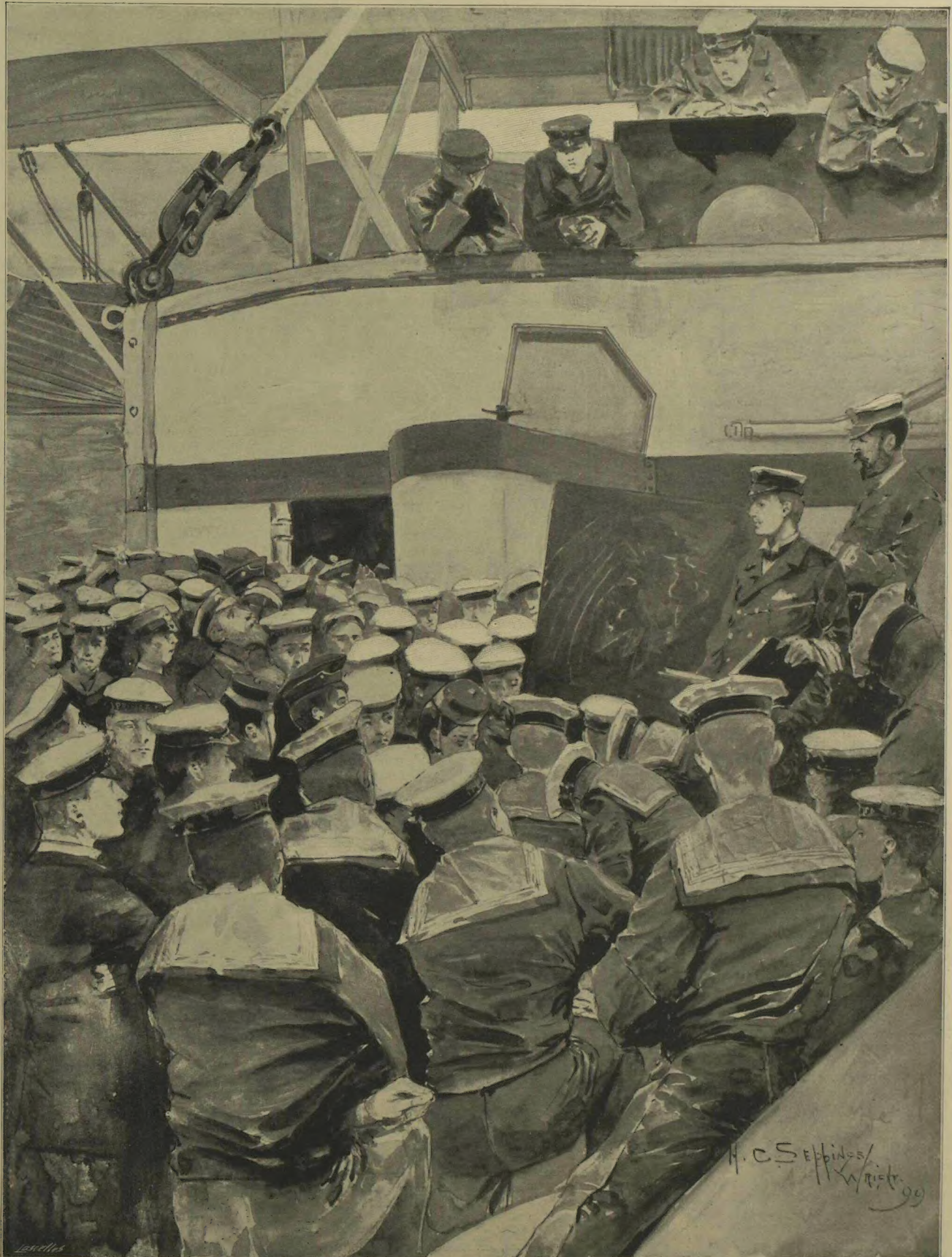
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: CAPTAIN BARROW, OF H.M.S. "PRINCE GEORGE," AND HIS CREW.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, ON BOARD H.M.S. "PRINCE GEORGE."

Captain Barrow delivered to his officers and men a most interesting lecture, illustrated by black-board sketches explaining the scheme of the manœuvres.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"Are Appearances Worth Keeping Up?" ask the August correspondents of the *Daily Telegraph*. If the practice of mankind is any test, undoubtedly they are. Primitive instinct forces us to hide from our neighbours as long as we can any undesirable change in our worldly fortunes. As in military strategy a commander in a tight place does his best to make the enemy believe that he possesses thrice his actual numbers, so in social strategy the generalissimo (perhaps I should say generalissima) takes the most elaborate precautions to deceive observers as to the state of the family banking account or larder. This demands a kind of heroism which rarely finds its way into history. In one of Mr. Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets" I remember two gentlewomen who kept up appearances while they slowly starved. It never occurred to them to ask for parish relief, or appeal to the charity of their neighbours. Gentlewomen of this type die, but never surrender. Such stoical pride is very different from the vulgarity which lives in a style far beyond its means for the sake of social credit; but to that credit we all make sacrifice, according to our lights. One correspondent of the *Telegraph* relates that when his wife was furnishing she had to wear expensive clothes, and that when a friend at the club asked him for the loan of a sovereign he had to borrow it from an uncle. Here there is a certain lack of address. If the wife had credit enough to obtain the clothes, she might have cajoled the butcher. With a fashionable dressmaker you need not starve.

Unhappily, the pressure of a social law does not sharpen everybody's wits. To keep up appearances on nothing a year, you must have genius like Becky Sharp's. In any case, you need sufficient talent to evade the friend at the club, who, taking you for a man of means, wants to borrow a sovereign. The eccentric millionaire who haggles with a cabman about a shilling, and when he asks a friend to dinner gives him a cheap table-d'hôte in a stuffy hotel, is not beloved, but he maintains his social credit. Let the melancholy correspondents of the *Telegraph* cultivate his peculiarities. Having by a little adroitness made a reputation for wealth, you can keep friendly borrowers at arm's length by eccentric meanness, while you overawe them with your supposed millions. If somebody will try this simple device, and then write to the *Telegraph*, he may establish a claim to the warmest gratitude. A less ambitious plan is to look the borrower in the face with moisture in each eye, and tell him you have just parted with the last spare sovereign to an old schoolfellow with a large family.

The *Telegraph* ought to secure a contribution on this topic from M. Esterhazy. With the whole world against him, he keeps up appearances with unflagging spirit and the finest discretion. It would be indiscreet to go to Rennes, where he would have to stand a cross-fire from the counsel for Captain Dreyfus, and from the Generals who, according to him, connived at forgery. His story is that the honour of the Army needed the manufacture of a document which he palmed off as the handiwork of Dreyfus by the instructions of his chiefs. His chiefs deny this transaction. Esterhazy's view of military honour is too philosophical even for them. It may have been honourable to assist Colonel Henry to cut his throat; it may be honourable to call him a patriot and his forgery an act of heroic self-sacrifice; it would apparently be just as honourable to maintain that Esterhazy was the soul of military rectitude when he committed treason and made Dreyfus the scapegoat. But there are delicacies and reservations in this honour, and the casuists who are brazening it out at Rennes find it expedient to differ from the casuist who is safe in London. Their appearances are not his appearances. He might descant on the difference in that tone of mellow regret which so well becomes him, and the readers of the *Telegraph* would be morally enriched.

Who says drama is dying out of the world? M. Maeterlinck is of that opinion. He says adventure is dead; our affairs are transacted at a small table by the fireside; here we enjoy our mild pleasures and discuss our tepid woe; tears are rarely seen; passion is an effete tradition. M. Maeterlinck admits that there is still love, hatred, jealousy, ambition, greed on the planet. But he sees them fading; they have no more tragic outlines, and for the purposes of the dramatist they are ceasing to have any value. If asked whether the scenes at Rennes suggest the decay of hatreds, personal, political, religious, he would probably answer that priests and armies and racial distinctions are sure to pass away in the evolution of human nature towards eternal peace. This may be a good philosophy for a pietist. The young woman from Lapland who does not like our food, but says she will eat anything for the sake of religion, is no doubt convinced that eventually we shall all adopt the sweet simplicity of the Lapps. Unfortunately, evolution makes our lives more complicated and not simpler. I see no prospect of tranquilly ending my days in Lapp beliefs and on a Lapp diet. Two Archbishops say that incense is good only for the fumigation of churches; other learned divines earnestly contend that it is necessary to the soul;

and on this issue we are threatened with the disruption of Church and State. A great nation is on the verge of civil war over the principle that a man ought not to be debarred from justice because he is a Jew. Instead of making for eternal peace, evolution is multiplying discords, and discords are the inspiration of old-fashioned drama.

The Czar is said to have expected too much from power, and to be meditating abdication. Born to be an autocrat, and not an irresponsible dramatist like Maeterlinck, he cannot sit placidly at a small table and persuade himself that tears are nearly all dried. If you have anything like a temperament, how can you be placid anywhere? Take a walk down Pall Mall and look at the scaffolding on the roof of the Athenæum Club. It will presently dawn upon you that the misguided members of that ancient institution are about to build another story. Even the Shah of Persia, if he saw this sight, might abdicate in despair over the wrongheadedness of man. There are Bishops in the Athenæum, men who are content to apply the wisdom of the sixteenth century to religious controversies in the nineteenth, and yet they can consent with light hearts to the spoiling of their club-house. You sound your æsthetic yawn, as Walt Whitman would have said, against this act, and you are told that the members of the Athenæum must have bed-rooms!

Eternal peace, indeed! Here is the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University out-Heroding Herod (that is Sir John Gorst) by telling the boys of University College School that study is a bacillus which must be killed by microbes. Is it possible that the victories of Cambridge over Harvard and Yale have turned the Vice-Chancellor's head? Would he rather throw the hammer than translate Homer? Perhaps he has a vision of taking a team of Dons to America to discomfit any college professor he can find there in the sports which are dear to the Anglo-Saxon race. Maeterlinck may wonder at this barbarism; but if even Vice-Chancellors cannot sit at small tables and invent new examination papers, but must extol physical prowess as the temporal salvation of man, I am afraid the effect upon the drama must be deplorable.

A correspondent, who is a disciple of Mr. Auberon Herbert, tells me I have misrepresented the "teachings" of that gracious man. He does not object to the pursuit of thieves by fat policemen. For a moment I must have confused his "teachings" with those of Tolstoi, who is against the correction of thieves, or of any other practitioners of evil. Or, perhaps, I was thinking of William Morris, who used to inveigh against the police as obstacles to universal amiability. It is not easy to keep these social reformers separate and distinct in one's mind. Mr. Herbert is of opinion that the Government should protect property. I daresay he would go so far as to justify the extra force of ten policemen in the Strand, whose duty it is to see that Master Kaye is not robbed with impunity. Thieves in the Strand are "so odacious," as Corporal Brewster says of the flies, that they actually snatched a watch from the very person of law and order. But for the protection of property the community has to pay, and Mr. Herbert, slightly modifying Ancient Pistol's maxim, exclaims, "Base is the slave who pays under compulsion!" Unless I have again misunderstood those blessed "teachings," this, surely, is the meaning of Mr. Herbert's scheme of voluntary taxation. By sweet persuasion the community is to be encouraged to pay taxes, not forced. If this system were adopted, it is possible that some of us would go on paying taxes by force of habit; but I sadly fear that the natural man is not a taxpayer by instinct and reason. He would lapse into arrears; they would not be collected; and as fat policemen cannot pursue thieves for mere honour and glory, the practice would be in some danger of falling into disuse.

My correspondent kindly sends me a copy of a journal (the *Individualist*), in which I find the Shop Seats Act described as "one more crime added to the Statute Book." According to the "teachings," whilst it is legitimate to protect property on condition that nobody is compelled to pay for the policy, it is criminal to protect health, which is a form of property, by enforcing a sanitary law on shopkeepers. I read that despite the new law women will still be "dependent on the growth of good sense and good feeling among employers and the public, and on their own ability to protect themselves." Then why not leave the protection of Master Kaye's watch and chain to the growth of good sense and good feeling among thieves? Do the "teachings" maintain that a watch is property, but that the lives of people employed in workshops are not? Am I to be protected in the possession of twopence-halfpenny against the designs of a pickpocket, but not against the negligences of a builder whose good sense and good feeling, without the stimulus of the law, are insufficiently developed to warrant safe staircases and proper drain-pipes? If it is right to employ police who must coerce one class of evil-doers, why is it criminal to employ sanitary inspectors to coerce people whose lack of good sense and good feeling is sometimes tantamount to evil-doing? Any way, I submit that in respect to the protection of property, in the only reasonable sense of the term, Mr. Herbert's "teachings" are not consistent.

A LOOK ROUND.

Everyone at Cowes was pleased to note the Prince of Wales's buoyant good humour and cheerfulness. It was manifest from the briskness of his walk when ashore that H.R.H. had, grace to Sir William MacCormac's bold and careful treatment, quite completely recovered from the severe injury to his knee, which confined him to the *Osborne* this time last year. The Prince, who accompanied the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria to Sandringham on Tuesday, goes to drink the waters at Marienbad, where numbers of distinguished visitors have already assembled.

The lamplit terrace gardens and Brock's fireworks of the Crystal Palace were admired by a colossal crowd of Bank Holiday-makers, who were gratified, moreover, by a fresh attraction in the form of beautiful illuminated fountains, indescribably refreshing to the eye.

Of the yachting off Cowes and Ryde, it may be said that England provided the feast and Germany gathered up the choicest morsels. As a yawl, the German Emperor's *Meteor* has behaved magnificently in excellent hands. Her Majesty's Cup, the Royal Yacht Squadron prize, the Cowes Town Cup, and the chief prize of the Royal London were all secured last week by his Imperial Majesty's yacht, and she continued her victorious career by winning the Vice-Commodore's prize on the first day of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, her opponents being Mr. Orr Ewing's *Rainbow* and Mr. J. H. Taylor's *Bona*. In two of the races decided last week, the *Britannia*, lately repurchased by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, entered the lists with the *Meteor*, but either the latter has been improved by conversion or the *Britannia* is suffering from age. If in the trials with *Britannia* Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock* had not easily shown her superiority, the prospect for the forthcoming America Cup race would have been very gloomy indeed—that is, of course, from the British yachtsman's point of view. But *bon voyage* to the *Shamrock*.

If anything were needed beyond drawn blinds at the West End to show that Society is out of town, it could be found in the paucity of the attendance in the club stands and on the lawn at the Kempton Park August race meeting, held on Tuesday and Wednesday this week. Of the general public, however, in the rings and on the course, there was no dearth, for the people generally seemed to have decided to keep up their holiday longer than the time fixed by Sir John Lubbock. There has not been any particular feature in the racing of the past few days, if we except the luck of the "Jersey Lily," whose identity is so thinly disguised under the racing *nom de sport* of "Mr. Jersey." For some time past the luck of Mrs. Langtry seemed to be under a cloud, and those who blindly followed her colours began to get tired. Her good star now appears to be in the ascendant. At Lewes, on the concluding day, "Mr. Jersey" (following up the notable victories at Goodwood) won the Lewes Handicap with Uniform, a horse bred in New Zealand. It is not a little curious that "the Lily" has won this race now three times in succession—namely, with Merman, Maluma, and Uniform. The two first-named horses, curiously enough, were bred in Australia, and the third, as aforesaid, in New Zealand, so that Lewes seems a popular place for competitors from the "Down Under." On Tuesday, at Kempton, "Mr. Jersey" won the August Handicap Plate with Gazetteer. Just before this race was run a wire came to hand from Birmingham to say that the same owner's horse Merman had won the Birmingham Handicap. Up north, by the cheerful sands at Redcar, the Right Hon. James Lowther, as usual, scored in the best races.

While due west theatrical enterprise waits for the cool air of September, at Kennington Bank Holiday playgoers have been enjoying all the entertainment of a first-night production, though this is but another sensational drama of the most conventional pattern. A riotous coming-of-age party, which shows the stupid hero gambling away his fortune to a villainous stepbrother, and banished from home and sweetheart; a jewel robbery from a Paris bank, where this same youngster is curiously established as head clerk; a struggle on a Channel steamer, in the course of which our friend is pitched among the ship's machinery; some Omdurman tableaux, which enable this egregious "young gentleman" to win the Victoria Cross—such are the main features of the desperately unoriginal story of "A Soldier's Son." Fairly well acted throughout, the new Kennington piece owes most to the services of Miss Le Bert, Mr. Hoodless, and Mr. Devereux.

Meantime we are promised soon a superb new sensational play at Drury Lane, and a fresh melodrama at the Adelphi, and Mr. Herbert Sleath talks of an elaborate scene illustrating vividly the railway terminus of Southampton, and supplementary pictures of a battle-ship's deck and the Dartmouth quarries. Next month the Gaiety and the Duke of York's reopen with popular revivals, Daly's will offer a new Chinese extravaganza, and Mr. Wilson Barrett proposes resuscitating at the Lyceum "The Silver King."

Just as the story of "Leander, who was nightly wont . . . To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont," induced Lord Byron and Lieutenant Ekenhead, of the *Salsette*, successfully to emulate the feat of the lover of Abydos, so more recent exploits, requiring even greater skill, have done much to increase the love for a pastime which is to be commended from many points of view. Lately several memorable swims have been recorded. One that stands out prominently is that of M. A. Holbein, who swam forty-three miles on July 27, between Blackwall and Gravesend. As a sort of contrast to the stamina shown by Holbein, a mile has this week been swum by J. A. Jarvis, of Leicester, in 25 min. 13.2-5 sec. Surely such performances should tend to increase the number of swimmers!

London bids fair soon to be a capital of hotels. The Grand, facing Trafalgar Square, has opened a handsome annexe in Northumberland Street, connected with the main building by means of an elegant bridge.

THE PANGBOURNE ELOPEMENT.

BY T. MULLETT ELLIS.

Pangbourne was all agog, and everybody was saying it was a lovely day for the wedding. The village was *en fête*, and the Elephant, next to the church, always full in summer time, was doing an unusually roaring trade.

The wedding was not a popular one. The bride, Beatrice Grey, was much beloved in Pangbourne, but had her father been living—so it was said—the union about to be celebrated would never have been permitted. Mrs. Grey, however, was satisfied. She was one of those women who think that the be-all and end-all of life is to be rich, which the bridegroom, Geoffrey Brewster, certainly was. He had already been Sheriff of London, and in the ordinary course of City custom he would almost certainly become Lord Mayor.

He had a rival in John Vaisey, of the "Fighting Fifth," a dashing young soldier, who had fought like a man in the Tiah under Lockhart, and whose brave deeds deserved to be better recompensed. Up there in the Afghan hills he had been within an ace of death time and again, but he had come home without a scratch to find Beatrice, whom he loved, pledged to another man. In spite of this Captain Vaisey had made every effort to win her for his own, but Mrs. Grey had persistently opposed him, and the little incidents of life on which the fate of men, and even of nations, hang, had been against him. It was true that Beatrice secretly cherished a tender regard for him, but misrepresentations, gossip, scandal, and, worse than all, misunderstandings, had kept them apart for a whole year, and now here was her wedding-day.

Beatrice, with her sister and mother, lived at Weir House, the pretty villa with the terrace below the lock. The front faces the road, the back commands the river. Beatrice, overcome by the ordeal through which she was passing, tried by her mother's attentions, teased by the good-natured badinage of her bridesmaids, and almost in tears at the sacrifice of her happiness, which at the eleventh hour she inwardly knew this marriage meant, sat in the drawing-room in her bridal dress—though not yet gloved or veiled—staring drearily at her wedding presents, but wearing a wedding-day smile, when the old gardener came in a flustered sort of way and stood, hat in hand, at the French windows. He carried a small bouquet of white roses.

She went towards him and took the flowers, when, with the familiar but respectful freedom of an old servant, he motioned her aside. As she stepped out on to the terrace, he slipped into her hand a note.

"The Cap'n told me to give you the roses, Miss, and particular the note. He be yonder 't the punt."

It was the merest scrap of paper torn from a notebook and not even in an envelope. She unfolded and hastily read the brief pencil scrawl—

"Before you are irrevocably lost, speak to me, I implore you.—JACK."

The gardener stood by her side and pointed to Captain Vaisey. He was on the lawn under a willow, and his punt was moored by the steps of the river-terrace close by.

For a moment or two she hesitated, then, crunching the note in one hand and gathering up the train of her dress in the other, she hurried across the lawn. As soon as she advanced towards him, he strove to meet her eagerly.

There was no time for long speech or argument, and that John Vaisey knew well. His was a desperate effort, and it was a time not for words but for action.

"This marriage must not be," he said.

She was as white as her own gown. She looked about her, shuddering.

"You will be unhappy for your whole life," he said, sternly. "You know you do not love this man. I know you love me."

"It is too late," she faltered.

She looked back at the open French windows of the house, paused doubtfully, and stepped a pace or two towards the river. Her hesitation encouraged him. He put his arm through hers and led her away, talking persuasively, rapidly, till she stood by the punt.

"There is no time for consideration," he said, drawing her into the punt.

Almost before she knew it he had unloosed the chain and pushed off from the terrace.

"But where, how—what is this?" she exclaimed, in sudden apprehension.

"Well, it's an elopement," he replied. "That's the plain English of it. Instead of marrying Mr. Brewster at Pangbourne, you marry me at Mapledurham. I love you, Beatrice, and that's the truth. Why should you be miserable for ever?"

She covered her face with her hands; she clenched her fists; she implored him to return, but he only punted steadily down stream, pausing but once to throw a wrap over her bridal dress. At first she was in tears, but as they got towards Mapledurham she had a fit of hysterical laughter. Then she grew pale.

"I expect they're looking for me everywhere. Imagine mother! Oh, Jack, this is dreadful. Take me back. Put me ashore."

But Jack quietly punted on. When they came to the old mill Jack helped her out of the punt, and, holding her hand, covered it with kisses.

You're ashore now, Beatrice, and there's Mapledurham Church. I have thought all this out. Here's the marriage license, and the Vicar is expecting us—or, anyhow, he's waiting for us—unless you'd rather go back and become Mrs. Brewster."

"As though he'd have me now," she pouted, "after keeping him waiting like this."

Jack laughed, whereupon she frowned. Then she laughed, and as suddenly became serious again, turning round to gaze beyond the belt of maples and over the beautiful river towards Pangbourne.

"I know what you're thinking," said Jack; "but never mind the—the others. Come along."

When they came to the church gate she clung to him a moment and, lifting her face up to his, whispered, in a sudden burst of gratitude, "Oh, Jack! How you have saved me! Won't I just be a good wife to you for this!"

And she is.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Great regret is expressed at the sudden death of Dr. William Wright, Editorial Superintendent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Dr. Wright was an Ulster man, and for some ten years was engaged in a mission at Damascus. There he made many intimate acquaintances, including the late Sir Richard Burton and his gifted wife. An excellent athlete, a good preacher, a capable scholar, Dr. Wright had all the qualifications necessary for success, and the brightness of his temperament made him invariably popular wherever he went. He accepted the editorship of the Bible Society in succession to Canon Girdlestone, and he laboured faithfully in that important position for twenty-three years. The work of the society greatly developed under his care, and it is said that his work was never heavier than during the last twelve months. In no previous year had so many versions been dealt with and so many new languages added to the society's list. Dr. Wright also distinguished himself as an author, one of his best-known works being on "The Brontës in Ireland." It was the occasion of much discussion, and was widely circulated. His books on "The Empire of the Hittites" and "Palmeira and Zenobia" are of great value. His sermons and addresses throughout the country were much appreciated. Of late years Dr. Wright developed symptoms of heart disease, and was obliged to take lengthened holidays in the Riviera. At last he died from failure of the heart's action. It was a death he would have chosen, for he was busily engaged in his work up to the very end. He has left many warm friends behind him.

Mr. D. L. Moody has written denying the statement that he refused to visit Glasgow under the auspices of the Evangelistic Campaign Committee until certain charges against Lord Overton were disproved. Mr. Moody says that he has known Lord Overton for twenty-five years, that he loves and respects him, and thinks that if Great Britain and America had a hundred thousand laymen such as he, it would be a good thing for both nations. "My personal opinion is that if those who have been flinging stones at him the past few months would take to heart the words of Christ, 'He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone,' a good many would have to sink away as those Scribes and Pharisees did in the days of Christ."

It is not yet clear what action the High Church party or the extreme section will take in regard to the decision of the Primate against incense and lights used in procession. Probably they will wait to have the decision on Reservation of the Sacrament. In the meantime, doubtless, many will be disposed to make what concessions they can for the sake of the peace of the Church.

Mr. Whiteley, M.P. for Stockport, is a strong advocate of "Disestablishment. He says that a year ago nothing would have induced him to support Disestablishment, but that tens of thousands of Englishmen over the country have changed their opinions as he has done.

There is a discussion as to whether a chair of theology should be established in the University of London. It is urged that to found such a chair would be to violate the charter of the University.

Dr. W. H. Fitchett, the well-known Australian writer, who has been so warmly taken up, especially by the *Spectator* and the *Cornhill Magazine*, has made various speeches at the Wesleyan Methodist gatherings. Dr. Fitchett is a strong Imperialist, and his books are among the most patriotic works ever issued. Parents and guardians can with confidence buy for the young the Rev. W. H. Fitchett's "Deeds that Won the Empire" and "Fights for the Flag," recently published, with maps and portraits, by Smith, Elder, and Co.

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Portsmouth	Portsmouth	9.15	10.15	1.15	2.15	4.15	5.15	7.15	8.15
Portsmouth	Portsmouth	10.45	11.45	2.45	3.45	5.45	6.45	8.45	9.45
Portsmouth	Portsmouth	9.15	10.15	1.15	2.15	4.15	5.15	7.15	8.15
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Portsmouth	Portsmouth	9.15	10.15	1.15	2.15	4.15	5.15	7.15	8.15
Portsmouth	Portsmouth	10.45	11.45	2.45	3.45	5.45	6.45	8.45	9.45
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THE MONTENEGRIN MARRIAGE.

Photographs by the Comptoir Général de Photographie, Trieste.



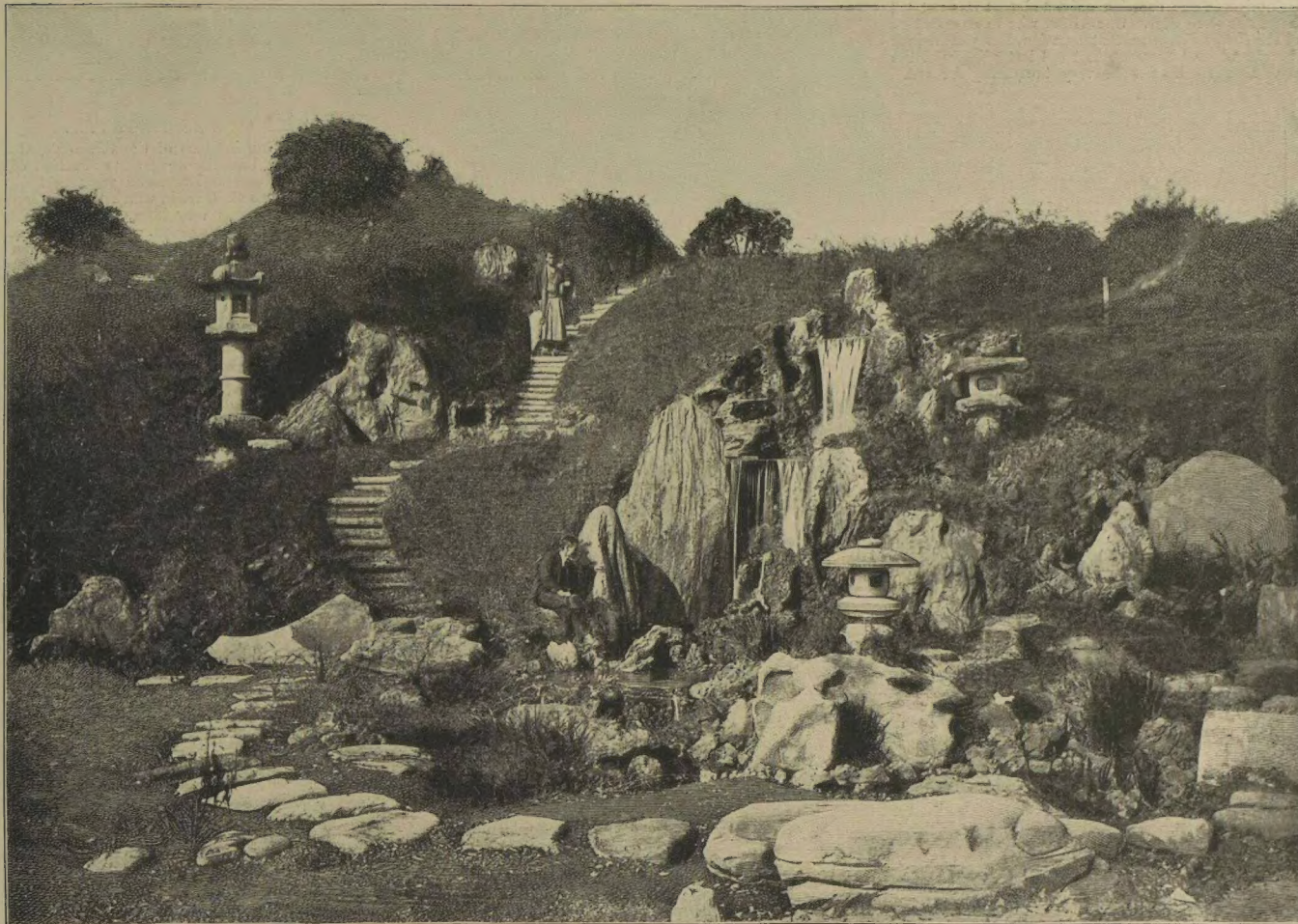
THE RETURN OF THE WEDDING PROCESSION TO THE PALACE OF PRINCE DANILO.



A WEDDING GROUP: PRINCESS MILENA WITH PRINCE PETER KARAGEORGEVIC, PRINCE NICHOLAS WITH PRINCESS HÉLÈNE, AND OTHER PRINCESSES AND DIGNITARIES.

S C E N E S I N J A P A N.

From Photographs supplied by Dampney.



THE MIKADO'S GARDEN, TOKIO.



A JAPANESE FRUIT-SHOP.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

It cannot be said that the Naval Manœuvres, which have just concluded, afforded anything very exciting either to the reader or spectator. The opposing fleets caught sight of each other on one occasion only, and that was not till all hostilities were over. Our Artist, who was present on board the *Prince George* on that occasion, has pictured for our benefit Admiral Rawson's first and last glimpse of the enemy. It must have been very tantalising for "A"

performed by the Metropolitan of Cetinje. The conclusion of the rite was announced by a salute of twenty-one guns. Thereafter the newly wedded pair left the church in procession, returning on foot to the bridegroom's palace. The way was guarded by a double line of troops, and the Prince and Princess were loudly cheered along the route. In the evening there were fireworks and a torchlight procession.

DEPARTURE OF THE "SHAMROCK."

The departure of the yacht *Shamrock* from Fairlie Roads on Aug. 3 was marked by a scene of great enthusiasm.

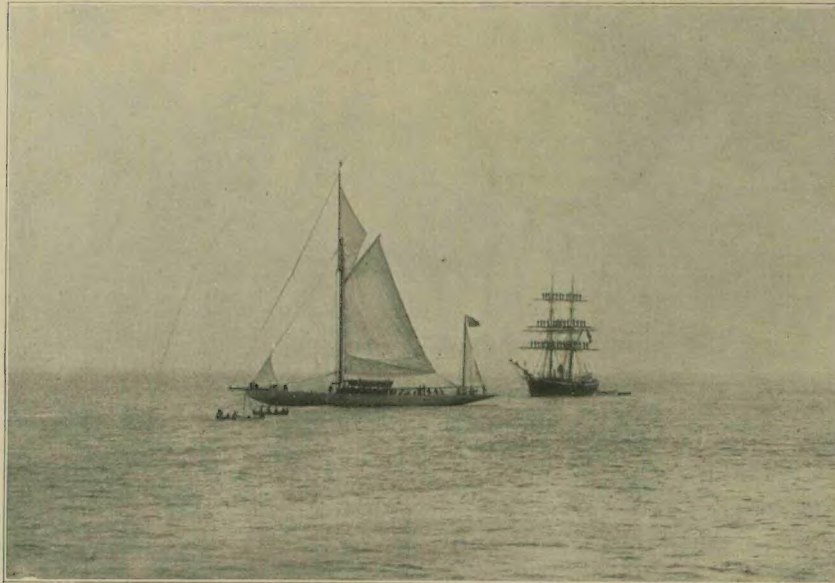


Photo. Stewart, Agshire.

THE "SHAMROCK," OUTWARD BOUND FOR AMERICA, PASSING A TRAINING BRIG.

The boys manning the yards sang: "Bring back, bring back to Erin the Cup."

Fleet to learn when all was over that they had once been actually within forty miles of the convoy—which Admiral Domville eventually succeeded in bringing safely into Milford Haven. The responsibility for Admiral Rawson's apparent failure must be laid upon the fog which obscured the Irish Channel during the whole of the Manœuvres. It was not for want of trying that success failed to crown the hostile Admiral's efforts, for he scoured an area of sea 600 miles long by more than 150 wide. The Manœuvres, though apparently of little interest to the public, have been valuable tactically as proving two things of greatest importance to the British Navy. For one thing it has been ascertained that signalling can be done from ship to ship, by Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy, over more than fifty miles of fog-covered sea. For another thing, there has been demonstrated once more the exceeding value in warfare of our swift cruisers. They swept the seas, while great battle-ships like the *Europa* were constantly crippled by defects in their very intricate machinery.

Dull as the manœuvres have been, they have produced at least one humorous incident. About mid-day on Aug. 1, four destroyers of "B" Fleet and the *Niger* gunboat were sighted reconnoitring Bantry Bay. The officer at the Bere Island Signal Hut immediately telephoned to Castletown for instructions, and was directed to conceal all confidential documents and to show fight to the last. The documents were, therefore, given to one man, who was sent away to hide in some secure place. Meanwhile a party of the enemy had landed, and had inquired their way to the hut. They were directed to follow the telephone-poles, with the result that they were shortly landed in a soft bog. At length, however, they made the hut and demanded its surrender. The defenders capitulated, and the victors began to search for confidential documents, several of the defenders being taken prisoner and sent on board the hostile fleet. In the course of the afternoon an old naval pensioner appeared at the hut, and told the victors that he was trying to eke out his small pension by cutting turf. He had a turf-spade and basket to substantiate his story. The invaders were kindly disposed towards him, and advised him to go to one of the English dockyards, where he would be sure to find work. The old man shortly moved away, and after a time returned, when the Lieutenant questioned him as to the whereabouts of the defenders, and then dismissed him for the stupidest Irishman he had ever met. The Lieutenant has by this time revised his opinion, for the pensioner was really a Coastguardman from Castletown who had come over to pay the defenders their wages. During his absence from the hut he had sought out the man with whom the documents were concealed, and on his return visit the papers were lying snugly in his turf basket. Yet why the risky return visit?

THE MONTENEGRIN MARRIAGE.

The marriage of Prince Danilo and Duchess Jutta (re-christened since her admission into the Orthodox Church "Militza") of Mecklenburg-Strelitz was celebrated at Cetinje, as we have already chronicled, amid glorious weather. The bridal party left Antivari on the wedding morning and drove to Cetinje. At a kiosk picturesquely situated among the mountains half an hour from the town, the Duchess assumed the costume of the Montenegrin women. At half-past four the party proceeded to the church, where the ceremony was

At twenty minutes past five in the evening, after Sir Thomas Lipton had bidden his officers and crew God-speed, the anchor was weighed, and the *Shamrock*, after taking a spin, headed down the Fairlie Roads under a strong northerly breeze. A few minutes before six, Sir Thomas Lipton's steam-yacht *Erin*, which is the *Shamrock's* consort on her voyage, set sail from Fairlie. Before the *Shamrock* set sail, Sir Thomas Lipton went aboard the Tay training-brig *Francis Mollison*, which lay at anchor near the harbour, and thanked the boys for the nautical welcome they had accorded him. As the *Shamrock* passed the

Japanese capital is increasing its business turmoil every day, being, as it is, the natural outlet for all the northern routes of the country. But the Mikado's palace is built close to the Shero, or ancient fortress, in the oldest and quaintest part of the city, and there the noise seems softened and far away—an Oriental peace broods everywhere. A striking contrast to that repose is to be found in the busier quarters of the city, where abound shops like that seen in our second illustration. Japanese fruit will bear comparison with the finest ever brought to Covent Garden, and the display seen inside the interior we reproduce might put many of our own florists and fruiterers to shame.

THE COWES REGATTA.

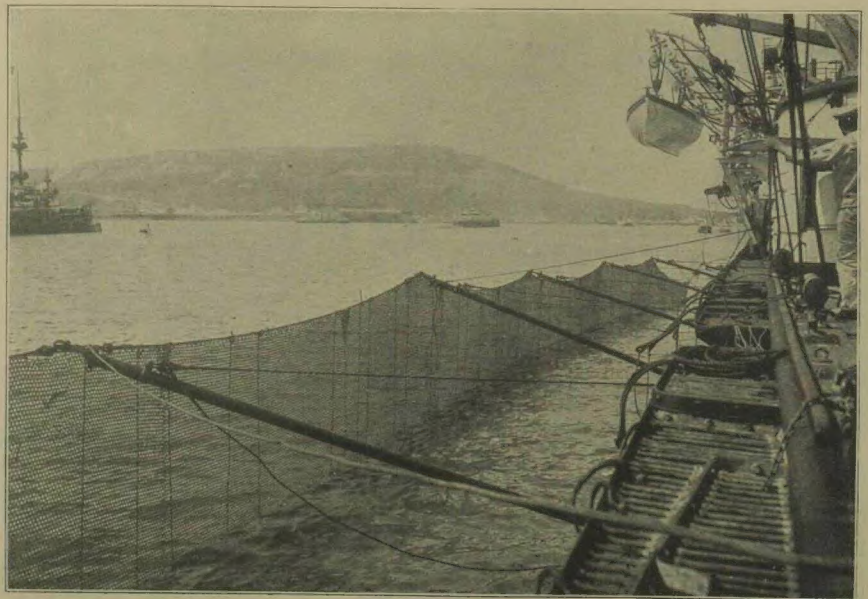
The most interesting incident of the Cowes Regatta this year has, of course, been the wonderful succession of wins achieved by the German Emperor's yacht *Meteor*. The contest for the Queen's Cup, in which the German craft beat the *Britannia*, was very keen, and the finish was such as to delight all sportsmen. The course was that sailed on former occasions, round the Lymington Spit buoy, the finish taking place between the marked boat and the Castle Flagstaff. When passing the Spit buoy, the *Meteor* had only one second's advantage, but thereafter the Prince of Wales's boat rapidly dropped away, losing the race by one minute forty seconds. The day before, the *Meteor* inaugurated her run of luck by winning the chief event of the Royal London Club. She scored her third victory on the Wednesday of the meeting, and she carried off the prize of £100 given by the Royal Yacht Squadron. On the Thursday came her fourth victory, when she won the Cowes Town Cup. At the annual dinner the Prince of Wales, urbanely oblivious, no doubt, to a recent telegraphic reference to the "appalling" handicap on the *Britannia*, congratulated the German Emperor on winning the Queen's Cup, and regretted that his Majesty could not be present at the Regatta.

SKETCHES IN BURMA.

To those who have heard the East a-calling there are few countries more attractive than Burma. We should all like to see the dawn coming up like thunder "out of China, cross the bay." The gigantic Irrawaddy with its teeming trade, the far-stretching rice-fields (Burma exports more rice than any other country in the world), the suggestion—which is more than a suggestion—that mineral wealth of untold value lurks beneath the soil, the gay frank habits of the sturdy Mongol-like Burmans—all this gives the country an interest both romantic and commercial to the European. And ever since he annexed Lower Burma in 1826 the Englishman has developed both these interests in a most remarkable degree.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS: SCARBOROUGH.

Scarborough Spa has enjoyed a reputation as a health resort for more than two centuries and a half. The virtue of the mineral springs was first discovered in 1620 by a Mrs. Farrer, and the gentry of the county soon began to consider it advisable to make a periodical trip to Scarborough. The first pump-room was under the charge of a great and remarkable character called Dicky Dickinson,



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: THE TORPEDO-NET DEFENCE.

training-brig, the yards were manned, and the boys, after responding to the cheers of the *Shamrock's* crew, sang to the tune of an ancient ditty, "Bring back, bring back to Erin the Cup." The yacht then stood away down Channel, and, speeded by the good wishes of the nation, went forth, let us hope, to victory.

SCENES IN TOKIO.

In few places have nature and art combined to make a fairer retreat than in the Mikado's gardens at Tokio. The urns and statues are mingled with natural rocks and falls and fountains, and over all is the intense sky of the East. The deep stillness of the place is intensified by the far-off hum from the busier quarters of New Tokio, for the

a shoemaker and vendor of gingerbread. Dicky, who was extremely odd to the outward eye, yet managed to lure a proposal from a woman of some importance. Scarborough of to-day is the creation of the last half-century. The town stands on the north and south sides of a rocky promontory crowned by the picturesque ruins of the Castle. The gayer portion of the town lies to the south, but the quieter North Bay has recently made some movement, for better or worse, towards the modernity of the seaside resort. The sands are delightful, the cliff drives and views well worthy of the "Queen of Northern Watering Places." The clientèle of the place is, needless to say, fashionable, as everyone knows who has watched with an observant eye the crowds that promenade opposite the Spa on sunny afternoons in the season.

PERSONAL.

The Parliamentary session which closed on Wednesday has not been at all exciting, and its conclusion was characteristically dull. The measure of the session which excited most public interest was probably the Local Government Bill, of which Mr. Balfour himself took charge. It has been a more unfortunate session than usual for private Bills, members having had very little chance of carrying their measures. Among the unfortunates fall to be numbered Lord Russell of Killowen's Prevention of Corruption Bill, aimed at the evils of secret commissions. The last night of the session seems rather a makeshift date for the presentation of the Indian Budget. The statement, however, which Lord George Hamilton laid before the House may be regarded as encouraging. His Lordship reported increased industrial prosperity and improved revenue.

The late Bishop of Bangor, Dr. Daniel Lewis Lloyd, was born in 1843 at Penywm, Cardiganshire. He began life in a business house, but afterwards went up to Jesus College, Oxford, where he took honours. Relinquishing the Methodist convictions of his early youth for moderate High Church views, he sought ordination in the Anglican communion. From 1867 to 1872 he was Head Master of Dolgelly School and Curate of Dolgelly, afterwards holding the post of Head Master of Friar's School, at Bangor, and of Christ College, Brecon.

The last position he held till 1890, when he was appointed to the see of Bangor. In 1898, owing to ill-health, he had to resign his see. Dr. Lloyd was a fine organiser, an eloquent speaker, and a thorough Welshman.

M. Delcassé's visit to St. Petersburg was attributed by M. de Blowitz to the Czar's desire to abdicate. This story does not find credence. M. de Blowitz represented Nicholas II. as deeply chagrined by the failure of the Peace Conference, and full of superstitious dread because no heir has been born to him. Failing such issue, the next heir is the Grand Duke Michael, and there is said to be a prophecy that a Czar Michael will conquer Constantinople. M. Delcassé does not seem to have discovered any trace at St. Petersburg of these morbid broodings.

It is expected that the Czar will visit Paris at the opening of the Exhibition, and it is not improbable that he has urged upon M. Delcassé the expediency of meeting the Emperor William. There is no doubt that the Kaiser is eager to be present, and that a gathering of European Sovereigns in Paris will do even more for peace than the Conference at the Hague.

The Honourable J. H. Hofmeyr, Leader of the Afrikaner Bond, is one of the most prominent South African politicians. He is by profession a journalist, and has been editor of the *Volksstem* at Pretoria. In 1887 he was a speaker at the Colonial Conference, and on the occasion of the Ottawa Conference he represented South Africa with Sir Henry de Villiers and Sir Charles Mills. At the London Conference he also represented South Africa, in company with Sir Thomas Upington and Sir John Robinson. He has recently visited Pretoria with regard to the present political crisis.

Fog is a sore baffle of naval manoeuvres. "Owing to the fog I have missed the convoy," signalled Admiral Rawson. That sums up the result of the recent operations. In another fog H.M.S. *Surprise* ran into a collier, which sank in twenty minutes, the officers and crew being lucky enough to clamber over the bulwarks of the war-ship before she reversed her engines. In this case the siren of the *Surprise* was inaudible to the *Netley Abbey*, and the whistle of the *Netley Abbey* gave no inkling of her actual position to the other vessel. Maritime science must master fogs unless our seafarers are content to remain absolutely helpless whenever the atmosphere thickens.

Lord Curzon has taken a bold initiative in frontier policy. The British garrisons in the hills on the North-West Frontier are to be mostly withdrawn. Chitral is to be merely a post of observation. A great effort is to be made to organise the hill tribes as militia under British officers. This policy will save expense and at the same time conciliate the tribesmen.

At the great age of ninety-three years the Dowager Lady Howard de Walden passed away at her residence at Malvern during the closing days of last month. Her Ladyship was the widow of the sixth Lord Howard de Walden, who predeceased her thirty-one years ago. Lady Howard de Walden was the daughter of the fourth Duke of Portland, and aunt of the present Duke. She was greatly attached to Malvern, and ten years ago built there her beautiful residence, St. James's House. She also had constructed many picturesque walks and drives among the Malvern Hills.

After last Monday's proceedings in open court, the public trial of Captain Dreyfus at Rennes was suspended for four days for the private examination of the secret dossier. Why there should be any need to spend so much time over that useless bundle does not appear. The Court of Cassation examined the dossier and found it a mass of irrelevance or forgery. Captain Dreyfus answered a long string of questions put to him by the President of the Court Martial. Most of them he met with simple denials, for they consisted of the baseless assumptions with which General Roget favoured the Court of Cassation. The simple, dignified manner of the accused made a very favourable impression.

Maitre Demange, who is appearing along with Maitre Labori on behalf of Dreyfus, was counsel for the prisoner at the former court-martial. He was confident that the first prosecution would fail, having at the time no knowledge of the secret manoeuvre employed to prejudice the judges. When the conviction was pronounced, he embraced Captain Dreyfus, and exclaimed, "You are the greatest martyr of the century!" By his tenacious adherence to the cause of this unfortunate man Maitre Demange has lost none of the respect in which he has long been held by his colleagues of the Paris Bar. He has the gift of eloquence in an extraordinary degree, and he has the still more fortunate gift of conciliation, so that he can champion an unpopular cause without exciting the smallest animosity. Truly a unique quality in France!

M. Esterhazy has found it impossible to go to Rennes. He says he has no money to pay his hotel bill there, and he cites other objections, including M. Delcassé's visit to St. Petersburg. Plainly, M. Esterhazy thinks himself safer in London. He now says that he entered into relations with Colonel Schwarzkoppen by the order of his superior, and that the German attaché told him there was a traitor, an artillery officer, on the General Staff. But it is idle to repeat such statements. The court-martial at Rennes is the centre of interest, and the prematurely grey Dreyfus, so long incarcerated on the Ile du Diable, the object of general compassion.

One of the most striking figures in the Hall of the Lycée at Rennes is Maitre Labori, one of the prisoner's distinguished counsel. He is a powerful man with an air of confident strength. Details of the extraordinary affair are no less familiar to Maitre Fernand Labori than to his brilliant colleague, Maitre Demange. Although he did not represent Dreyfus at the first trial, he has, nevertheless, borne his share in the campaign. Labori, it will be remembered, was counsel for Zola, and subsequently for Colonel Picquart. In a recent conversation with a London correspondent, M. Labori avowed somewhat unfavourably

from Colonel Jouaust's harsh attitude towards the prisoner. On the other hand, Maitre Demange declared that a president's business is to enunciate the charges. To the advocates, he said, it remained to destroy them if they had the talent.

Nothing so amazing has been heard in an English court of justice as the story which Captain Adams told to Mr. Justice Bucknill. Some years ago he married a widow solely to extricate her from a difficulty in which she was threatened with criminal proceedings. Having performed this quixotic act for a lady whom he had never seen before, he went to India, the marriage being regarded as nominal. His wife made no claim upon him, and he has now obtained a divorce. Had any novelist told this story, even the most insatiable reader of romantic fiction would have scoffed at it. But here it stands in hard fact attested before a court of justice.

The death of Sir David Patrick Chalmers, late Chief Justice of British Guiana, whose name had been prominently mentioned only the other day in connection with his report upon the Sierra Leone rising, came with startling suddenness last Saturday at Edinburgh. The son of a medical man, David Chalmers was educated at Edinburgh University, and choosing the profession of law, was called to the Bar in 1860. In 1867 he was appointed Magistrate of the Gambia, and two years later became Magistrate of the Gold Coast. He did a great deal of valuable service, both legal and political, in connection with the West Coast of Africa, preparing codes of civil and criminal procedure and instituting measures for the abolition of slavery. In 1876 he was knighted, and the same year was appointed Chief Justice of the Gold Coast Colony. In 1893 he served upon the Commission which inquired into the charges against the Attorney-General of Jamaica. Only in June of last year he received his special appointment to inquire into the causes of the Sierra Leone insurrection. Last Monday night Mr. Chamberlain announced Sir David's death to the House of Commons, and paid a fitting tribute to his memory.

Mr. Alger is the idol of Michigan, or rather of the Republican party caucus in that State. He was received at Detroit after his resignation as if he were a national hero. Bands, banners, cheers, and a great concourse of enthusiasts proclaimed that Mr. Alger is a greater patriot than Abraham Lincoln or General Grant. The general opinion of Mr. Alger in the United States is quite different, but Michigan is not the first State that has shown its indifference to the rest of the Union.

Mr. J. H. Etherington-Smith, who began a successful career at the Bar in 1866, has been appointed Recorder of Derby. In the Recordership, Mr. Etherington-Smith succeeds Mr. M. C. Buszard, Q.C., who has been appointed Recorder of Leicester. The new Recorder of Derby is a lawyer of tried capabilities.

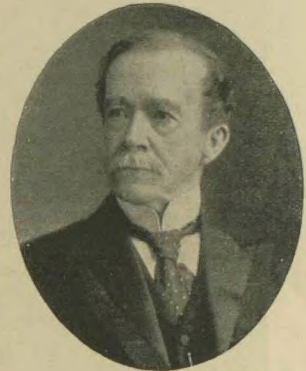
Dr. Cobb, the secretary of the English Church Union, says that disobedience of the judgment of the two Archbishops against incense is impossible. It has converted him, however, to the policy of Disestablishment. But even if the Church were disestablished there would still be Archbishops, and they would still object to incense. In what way would the obligation of canonical obedience be altered?

The great question of the Peel heirlooms has been temporarily settled by an order from the Court of Appeal for the sale of sufficient plate to bring in £400 a year for Sir Robert Peel's wife and child, who are without any provision.

Captain Price is a New York policeman who has been making investigations in London. He is shocked by our morals and by the absence of anything fit for a New Yorker to drink. The evil places of New York, he says, are as Sunday schools compared with the evil places of London. In the American city the wrong-doers are confined to one district, but in our deplorable capital they are everywhere. Captain Price is clearly a very patriotic policeman, and patriotism, combined with a severe taste in drinks, makes him a partial observer. London, one imagines, would have come off more favourably had the Captain hailed from Chicago, which Mr. Stead once described as a pocket edition of the Inferno.



Photo, Thomson.
THE LATE DOWAGER LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR DAVID P. CHALMERS.



Photo, Piron, Paris.
MAITRE DEMANGE,
Counsel for Dreyfus.



Photo, Beer, Johannesburg.
THE HON. J. H. HOFMEYR.



Photo, Barrand.
MR. J. H. ETHERINGTON-SMITH,
New Recorder of Derby.



Photo, Gerbelet, Paris.
MAITRE LABORI,
Counsel for Dreyfus.



1. Queen's Cup Race: "Britannia" and "Bona" off the Forts at Spithead.

2. The German Emperor's "Meteor" and "Bona" finishing for the R.Y.S. Prize of £100.

3. Interesting Visitors to Cowes Roads: A full-rigged French Yacht, and new North Sea Mission and Hospital Ship, "Francesa."

THE COWES REGATTA.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Charles J. de Lacy.



M^r BILSON'S HOUSEKEEPER

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

by BRET HARTE

CHAPTER II.

One afternoon Miss Trotter received a message that Mr. Calton desired a few moments' private conversation with her. A little curious, she had him shown into one of the sitting-rooms, but was surprised on entering to find that she was in the presence of an utter stranger! This was explained by the visitor saying briefly that he was Chris's elder brother, and that he presumed the name would be sufficient introduction. Miss Trotter smiled doubtfully, for a more distinct opposite to Chris could not be conceived. The stranger was apparently strong, practical, and masterful in all those qualities in which his brother was charmingly weak. Miss Trotter, for no reason whatever, felt herself inclined to resent them.

"I reckon, Miss Trotter," he said bluntly, "that you don't know anything of this business that brings me here—at least," he hesitated, with a certain rough courtesy, "I should judge from your general style and gait that you wouldn't have let it go on so far if you had—but the fact is, that darned fool brother of mine—beg your pardon!—has gone and got himself engaged to one of the girls that help here—a yellow-haired foreigner, called Frida Jansen."

"I was not aware that it had gone so far as that," said Miss Trotter quietly, "although his admiration for her was well known, especially to his doctor, at whose request I selected her to especially attend to your brother."

"The doctor is a fool," broke in Mr. Calton abruptly. "He only thought of keeping Chris quiet while he finished his job."

"And really, Mr. Calton," continued Miss Trotter, ignoring the interruption, "I do not see what right I have to interfere with the matrimonial intentions of any guest in this house, even though or—as you seem to put it—because the object of his attentions is in its employ."

Mr. Calton stared. Angrily at first, and then with a kind of wondering amazement that any woman—above all a housekeeper—should take such a view. "But," he stammered, "I thought you—you—looked after the conduct of those girls."

"I'm afraid you've assumed too much," said Miss Trotter placidly. "My business is to see that they attend to their duties here. Frida Jansen's duty was—as I have just told you—to look after your brother's room. And as far as I understand you, you are not here to complain of her inattention to that duty, but to its resulting in an attachment on your brother's part, and, as you tell me, an intention as to her future, which is really the one thing that would make my 'looking after her conduct' an impertinence and interference! If you had come to tell me that he did *not* intend to marry her, but was hurting her reputation, I could have understood and respected your motives."



"I'm afraid you've assumed too much," said Miss Trotter placidly.

Mr. Calton felt his face grow red and himself discomfited. He had come there with the firm belief that he would convict Miss Trotter of a grave fault, and that in her penitence she would be glad to assist him in breaking off the match. On the contrary, to find himself arraigned and put on his defence by this tall, slim woman, erect and smartly buckrammed in logic and whalebone, was preposterous! But it had the effect of subduing his tone.

"You don't understand," he said awkwardly yet pleadingly. "My brother is a fool, and any woman could wind him round her finger. She knows it. She knows he is rich and a partner in the Roanoke Ledge. That's all she wants. She is not a fit match for him. I've said he was a fool—but, hang it all! that's no reason why he should marry an ignorant girl—a foreigner and a servant—when he could do better elsewhere."

"This would seem to be a matter between you and your brother, and not between myself and my servant," said Miss Trotter coldly. "If you cannot convince him—your own brother—I do not see how you expect me to convince her—a servant—over whom I have no control except as a mistress of her work, when, on your own showing, she has everything to gain by the marriage. If you wish Mr. Bilson, the proprietor, to threaten her with dismissal unless she gives up your brother"—Miss Trotter smiled inwardly at the thought of the card-room incident—"it seems to me you might only precipitate the marriage."

Mr. Calton looked utterly blank and hopeless. His reason told him that she was right—more than that, a certain admiration for her clear-sightedness began to possess him with the feeling that he would like to have "shown up" a little better than he had in this interview. If Chris had fallen in love with her—but Chris was a fool, and wouldn't have appreciated her!

"But you might talk with her, Miss Trotter," he said, now completely subdued. "Even if you could not reason her out of it, you might find out what she expects from this marriage. If you would talk to her as sensibly as you have to me—"

"It is not likely that she will seek my assistance as you have," said Miss Trotter, with a faint smile which Mr. Calton thought quite pretty, "but I will see about it."

Whatever Miss Trotter intended to do did not transpire. She certainly was in no hurry about it, as she did not say anything to Frida that day, and the next afternoon it so chanced that business took her to the bank and post office. Her way home again lay through the Summit woods. It recalled to her the memorable occasion when she was first a witness to Frida's flirtations. Neither that nor Mr. Bilson's presumed gallantries, however, seemed inconsistent in Miss Trotter's knowledge of the world with a serious engagement with young Calton. She was neither shocked nor horrified by it—and for that reason she had not thought it necessary to speak of it to the elder Mr. Calton. Her path wound through a thicket fragrant with syringa and southernwood, and the faint perfume was reminiscent to her of Atlantic hillside where, long ago, a girl teacher, she had walked with the girl pupils of the Vermont Academy and kept them from the shy advances of the local swains. She smiled—a little sadly—as the thought occurred to her that after this interval of years it was again her business to restrain the callow affections. Should she never have the match-making instincts of her sex; never become the trusted *confidante* of youthful passion? Young Calton had not confessed his passion to her, nor had Frida revealed her secret. Only the elder brother had appealed to her hard, practical common-sense against such sentiment. Was there something in her manner that forbade it? She wondered if it was some uneasy consciousness of this quality which had impelled her to snub the elder Calton, and rebelled against it.

It was quite warm; she had been walking a little faster than her usual deliberate gait, and checked herself, halting in the warm breath of the syringas. Here she heard her name called in a voice that she recognised, but in tones so faint and subdued that it seemed to her part of her thoughts. She turned quickly and beheld Chris Calton a few feet from her, panting, partly from running, and partly from some nervous embarrassment. His handsome but weak mouth was expanded in an apologetic smile; his blue eyes shone with a kind of youthful appeal so inconsistent with his long brown moustache and broad shoulders that she was divided between a laugh and serious concern.

"I saw you—go into the wood—but I lost you," he said, breathing quickly, "and then when I did see you again—you were walking so fast, I had to run after you. I wanted—to speak—to you—if you'll let me. I won't detain you—I can walk your way."

Miss Trotter was a little softened, but not so much as to help him out with his explanation. She drew her neat skirts aside, and made way for him on the path beside her.

"You see," he went on nervously, taking long strides to her shorter ones, and occasionally changing sides in his embarrassment, "my brother Jim has been talking to you about my engagement to Frida, and trying to put you against her and me. He said as much to me, and added you half promised to help him! But I didn't believe him—

Miss Trotter!—I know you wouldn't do it—you haven't got it in your heart to hurt a poor girl! He says he has every confidence in you—that you're worth a dozen such girls as she is, and that I'm a big fool or I'd see it. I don't say you're not all he says, Miss Trotter; but I'm not such a fool as he thinks, for I know your goodness too. I know how you tended me when I was ill, and how you sent Frida to comfort me. You know, too—for you're a woman yourself—that all you could say, or anybody could, wouldn't separate two people who loved each other."

Miss Trotter for the first time felt embarrassed, and this made her a little angry. "I don't think I gave your brother any right to speak for me or of me in this matter," she said icily; "and if you are quite satisfied, as you say you are, of your own affection and Frida's, I do not see why you should care for anybody's interference."

"Now you are angry with me," he said in a doleful voice which at any other time would have excited her mirth; "and I've just done it! Oh, Miss Trotter, don't! Please forgive me! I didn't mean to say your talk was no good. I didn't mean to say you couldn't help us. Please don't be mad at me!"

He reached out his hand, grasped her slim fingers in his own, and pressed them—holding them and even arresting her passage. The act was without familiarity or boldness, and she felt that to snatch her hand away would be an imputation of that meaning, instead of the boyish impulse that prompted it. She gently withdrew her hand as if to continue her walk, and said with a smile—

"Then you confess you need help—in what way?"

"With her!"

Miss Trotter stared. "With her!" she repeated. This was a new idea. Was it possible that this common, ignorant girl was playing and trifling with her golden opportunity? "Then you are not quite sure of her?" she said a little coldly.

"She's so high-spirited, you know," he said humbly, "and so attractive, and if she thought my friends objected and were saying unkind things of her—well!" he threw out his hands with a suggestion of hopeless despair, "there's no knowing what she might do."

Miss Trotter's obvious thought was that Frida knew on which side her bread was buttered, but remembering that the proprietor was a widower, it occurred to her that the young woman might also have it buttered on both sides. Her momentary fancy of uniting two lovers somehow weakened at this suggestion, and there was a hardening of her face as she said, "Well, if you can't trust her, perhaps your brother may be right."

"I don't say that, Miss Trotter," said Chris pleadingly, yet with a slight wincing at her words, "you could convince her if you would only try. Only let her see that she has some other friends beside myself. Look! Miss Trotter, I'll leave it all to you—there! If you will only help me, I will promise not to see her—not to go near her again—until you have talked with her. There! Even my brother would not object to that. And if he has every confidence in you, I'm showing you I've more—don't you see? Come, now, promise—won't you, dear Miss Trotter?" He again took her hand, and this time pressed a kiss upon her slim fingers. And this time she did not withdraw them. Indeed, it seemed to her, in the quick recurrence of her previous sympathy, as if a hand had been put into her loveless past grasping and seeking hers in its loneliness. None of her school friends had ever appealed to her as this simple, weak, and loving young man. Perhaps it was because they were of her own sex, and she distrusted them.

Nevertheless, this momentary weakness did not disturb her good common-sense. She looked at him fixedly for a moment, and then said with a faint smile: "Perhaps she does not trust you. Perhaps you cannot trust yourself."

He felt himself reddening with a strange embarrassment. It was not so much the question that disturbed him as the eyes of Miss Trotter—eyes that he had never before noticed as being so beautiful in their colour, clearness, and half-tender insight. He dropped her hand with a new-found timidity, and yet with a feeling that he would like to hold it longer.

"I mean," she said, stopping short in the trail at a point where a fringe of almost impenetrable "buckeyes" marked the extreme edge of the woods, "I mean that you are still very young, and as Frida is nearly your own age"—she could not resist this peculiarly feminine innuendo—"she may doubt your ability to marry her in the face of opposition; she may even think my interference is a proof of it; but," she added quickly to relieve his embarrassment and a certain abstracted look with which he was beginning to regard her, "I will speak to her, and," she concluded playfully, "you must take the consequences."

He said "Thank you," but not so earnestly as his previous appeal might have suggested, and with the same awkward abstraction in his eyes. Miss Trotter did not notice it, as her own eyes were at that moment fixed upon a point on the trail a few rods away. "Look," she said in a lower voice, "I may have the opportunity now, for there is Frida herself passing." Chris turned in the direction of her glance. It was indeed the young girl walking leisurely ahead of them. There was no mistaking the

smart pink calico gown in which Frida was wont to array her rather generous figure, nor the long yellow braids that hung Marguerite-wise down her back. To the consciousness of good looks which she always carried, there was, in spite of her affected ease, a slight furtiveness in the occasional swift turn of her head, as if evading or seeking observation.

"I will overtake her and speak to her now," continued Miss Trotter. "I may not have so good a chance again to see her alone. You can wait here for my return if you like."

Chris started out of his abstraction. "Stay!" he stammered, with a faint, tentative smile. "Perhaps—don't you think?—I had better go first, and tell her you want to see her. I can send her here. You see, she might—" He stopped.

Miss Trotter smiled. "It was part of your promise, you know, that you were not to see her again until I had spoken. But no matter! Have it as you wish. I will wait here. Only be quick. She has just gone into the grove."

Without another word the young man turned away, and she presently saw him walking towards the pine-grove into which Frida had disappeared. Then she cleared a space among the matted moss and chickweed, and gathering her skirts about her, sat down to wait. The unwonted attitude, the whole situation, and the part that she seemed destined to take in this sentimental comedy affected her like some quaint child's play out of her lost youth, and she smiled, albeit with a little heightening of colour and lively brightening of her eyes. Indeed, as she sat there listlessly probing the roots of the mosses with the point of her parasol, the casual passer-by might have taken herself for the heroine of some love tryst. She had a faint consciousness of this as she glanced to the right and left, wondering what anyone from the hotel who saw her would think of her sylvan rendezvous, and as the recollection of Chris kissing her hand suddenly came back to her, her smile became a nervous laugh, and she found herself actually blushing!

But she was recalled to herself as suddenly. Chris was returning. He was walking directly towards her with slow, determined steps—quite different from his previous nervous agitation—and as he drew nearer she saw with some concern an equally strange change in his appearance: his colourful face was pale, his eyes fixed, and he looked ten years older. She rose quickly.

"I came back to tell you," he said in a voice from which all trace of his former agitation had passed, "that I relieve you of your promise. It won't be necessary for you to see—Frida. I thank you all the same, Miss Trotter," he said, avoiding her eyes with a slight return to his boyish manner. "It was kind of you to promise to undertake a foolish errand for me—and to wait here—and the best thing I can do is to take myself off now and keep you no longer. Please don't ask me why. Some time I may tell you, but not now."

"Then you have seen her?" said Miss Trotter quickly, premising Frida's refusal from his face.

He hesitated a moment, then he said gravely, "Yes. Don't ask me any more, Miss Trotter, please. God-bye!" He paused, and then, with a slight uneasy glance towards the pine-grove, "Don't let me keep you waiting here any longer." He took her hand, held it lightly for a moment, and said, "Go now."

Miss Trotter, slightly bewildered and unsatisfied, nevertheless passed obediently out into the trail. He gazed after her for a moment and then turned and began rapidly to ascend the slope where he had first overtaken her, and was soon out of sight. Miss Trotter continued her way home, but when she had reached the confines of the wood she turned, as if taking some sudden resolution, and began slowly to retrace her steps in the direction of the pine-grove. What she expected to see there, possibly she could not have explained; what she actually saw after a moment's waiting were the figures of Frida and Mr. Bilson issuing from the shade! Her respected employer wore an air of somewhat ostentatious importance mingled with rustic gallantry. Frida's manner was also conscious with gratified vanity, and although they believed themselves alone her voice was already pitched into a high key of nervous affectation—indicative of the peasant. But there was nothing to suggest that Chris had disturbed them in their privacy and confidences. Yet he had evidently seen enough to satisfy himself of her faithlessness. Had he ever suspected it before?

Miss Trotter waited until they had well preceded her, and then took a shorter cut home. She was quite prepared that evening for an interview which Mr. Bilson requested. She found him awkward and embarrassed in her cool, self-possessed presence. He said he deemed it his duty to inform her of his approaching marriage with Miss Jansen; but it was because he wished distinctly to assure her that it would make no difference in Miss Trotter's position in the hotel—except to promote her to the entire control of the establishment. He was to be married in San Francisco at once, and he and his wife were to go abroad for a year or two—indeed, he contemplated eventually retiring from business. If Mr. Bilson was uneasily conscious during this interview that he had once paid attentions to Miss Trotter—which she had ignored—she never betrayed the least recollection of it. She thanked him for his confidence and wished him happiness.

Sudden as was this good fortune to Miss Trotter—an independence she had so often deservedly looked forward to—she was, nevertheless, keenly alive to the fact that she had attained it partly through Chris's disappointment and unhappiness. Her sane mind taught her that it was better for him—that he had been saved an ill-assorted marriage—that the girl had virtually rejected him for Bilson before he had asked her mediation that morning. Yet these reasons failed to satisfy her feelings. It seemed cruel to her that the interest which she had suddenly taken in poor Chris should end so ironically in disaster to her sentiment and success to her material prosperity. She thought of his boyish appeal to her; of what must have been his utter discomfiture in the discovery of Frida's relations to Mr. Bilson that afternoon, but more particularly of the singular change it had effected in him. How nobly and gently he had taken his loss! How much more like a man he looked in his defeat than in his passion! The element of respect which had been wanting in her previous interest in him was now present in her thoughts. It prevented her seeking him with perfunctory sympathy and worldly

A ROUNDABOUT CHAT.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The spell of very hot weather we have been and are enjoying reminds me that it may be well to advise my readers once again regarding the necessity for being specially careful with regard to their meat and fish foods in the summer season. Such foods should be kept far removed from all possible sources of contamination (whereof sinks and drains are notorious examples), because of the risk entailed of the tainting of the foods and the subsequent risk of food-poisoning which is incurred. There is another caution necessary, and that is, when tinned foods are eaten, let them be consumed as quickly as possible. It is the keeping of such foods after they have been opened that appears to entail danger of their developing injurious qualities.

Yet another health-caution is that which would advise us to be specially careful in respect of the water we consume when we visit foreign resorts. Water-supplies abroad are not supervised with the same care that is

The late Professor Jevons, among other philosophers, was much concerned in his time with the question of the failure of our coal-supply. He calculated the period of time which, in his opinion, would elapse ere our coal seams became exhausted, and before we were thrown literally on the world for our fuel. I never pass through a coal district and note the hundreds of waggons that are filled with the black diamonds without reflecting on the enormous mass of material which is annually removed from the earth's crust, and on the prospects of our world becoming a coalless orb. But I was not prepared, I confess, for the estimate of Mr. G. Beelby, who stated at Newcastle-on-Tyne that in 1898 Great Britain alone consumed 157,000,000 tons of coal. Of this amount 76,000,000 went to produce power, 46,000,000 to produce heat for manufactories, and 35,000,000 to warm us in our houses. Truly a gigantic consumpt, apart altogether from our enormous exports. How soon we may have a coal famine, science alone can predict.

I have received a letter from an American correspondent which contains certain statements of interest in view of



Chris turned in the direction of her glance.

"MR. BILSON'S HOUSEKEEPER."

counsel—it made her feel strangely and unaccountably shy of any other expression.

As Mr. Bilson evidently desired to avoid local gossip until after his marriage, he had enjoined secrecy upon her, and she was also debarred from any news of Chris through his brother, who, had he known of Frida's engagement, would have naturally come to her for explanation. It also convinced her that Chris himself had not revealed anything to his brother.

To be continued.

Lord Howard de Walden, by the death of his mother, becomes one of the largest owners of property in London. Harley Street (which Sydney Smith found different from all other earthly things, because it had no end), Welbeck Street, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, Portland Place—these are only a few of the thoroughfares now existing on the property brought to the Bentincks by the marriage of the second Duke of Portland with the only daughter and heiress of Edward, Earl of Oxford, by his wife, Lady Henrietta Cavendish. By a woman it came to the Portlands; by a woman of their own line it passes from them again; for the fourth Duke of Portland left this vast wealth in London land to his daughter, Lady Lucy Bentinck, who has been the widow of the late Lord Howard de Walden for more than thirty years, and whose son is nearly seventy.

bestowed upon them at home, and even in large cities—Paris, for example—much of the water supplied in summer is very far from what it should be in the way of purity. Especially, I should advise my readers to avoid the syphons of aerated water supplied abroad.

The announcement of the retirement of Lord Kelvin from the Professorship of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow will be received with widespread regret. Nowhere will that regret be more keenly felt than in Glasgow itself, where the relations between the highly respected Professor and the citizens of the second city in the Empire have always been of the most cordial kind. Lord Kelvin's is a personality of world-wide fame, and the "many inventions" which owe their conception and realisation to his busy brain have secured for him the respect of the whole world. From his compass to the improved water-tap, and from his deep-sea sounding methods to his telegraphic triumphs, there is scarcely an invention of Lord Kelvin's which has not in some practical fashion assisted what I may call the progress of humanity. It is in the face of the vast improvements made in every department of industry by appliances of the nature of those Lord Kelvin has produced, that one feels the truth of the remark that modern social evolution literally speeds "down the ringing grooves of change."

my recent remarks on the treatment of snake-bite. My correspondent avers that sweet milk is a remedy and antidote, not for serpent-bite alone, but for all manner of poisons, hydrophobia virus included. This is a sweeping statement truly, and in common with many of my readers, I am sure, I am anxious to obtain further information concerning the alleged virtues of milk. The letter from which I quote states that the proper mode of application is in the form of a poultice of bread, to which the milk is added, but it is also stated that in one case, known to my correspondent, the patient suffering from snake-bite had to be immersed in a bath of sweet milk. The milk became discoloured—how or why I know not—and the patient was removed and placed in a second bath, with the result of recovery. I can neither affirm or contradict such statements regarding the antidotal value of milk. They are, to say the least, of extraordinary kind; and one's attitude to them is rendered none the less difficult in that milk, as far as analysis goes, seems to contain nothing at all calculated to counteract the effects of so potent a virus as that possessed by snakes. My chief object in alluding to these statements is to ask any readers of mine who have had experience of snake-bites to afford me further information regarding the alleged value of the milk treatment. It may be that I shall receive confirmation of my correspondent's statements, or that I may be provided with evidence in refutation.



HOLIDAY HAUNTS: SCARBOROUGH, QUEEN OF NORTHERN WATERING-PLACES.



THE TWELFTH: THE FIRST GROUSE.

See Article on Page 230.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

In a few days now, England for the first time in her history will have an independent waterway from Montreal to the Upper Lakes entirely in her own territory. Up to this time, British steamers and barges have been obliged to sail up and down the St. Lawrence in the American Channel while passing between the Canadian ports of Prescott and Cardinal, and, in case of any blockade, no British vessels could ascend the river to reach Upper Canada from Montreal, or vice-versa. Now, however, after months of planning and legislating, and three years of truly wonderful engineering, the problem has been solved.



WINDMILL POINT: WHERE THE NEW CHANNEL BEGINS.

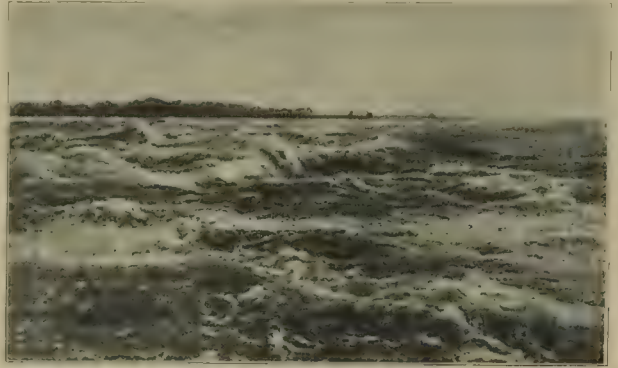
Towards the end of the year 1896, the necessary legislation having been secured for the construction of a channel, the Canadian Government decided to deepen the natural channel of the river near the Canadian shore, and extend it between the islands in a winding course, heading for the entrance of the Galop Canal, at Cardinal. This, however, necessitated excavating through the two islands nearest the Canadian shore, Drummond and Duck. It was at this time that Constructor Cleveland, of Toronto, came forward and stated that he had become convinced that by connecting by dams the main shore with two islands, making an enclosure of about seventy acres, it was possible to pump the water from this artificial lake and excavate the rock from the channel thus enclosed a distance of about three quarters of a mile, in the "dry," that is allowing excavation in the emptied basin of the river. His suggestion having been approved by the Canadian Government, and the contract awarded to him, the work was begun by Constructor Cleveland June 1, 1897. When the dams had been completed, the next step was to pump out the immense body of water within the seventy acres of territory enclosed. Six powerful steam-pumps, with a combined capacity of 1,000,000 gallons per hour, were erected on the banks. Sluice-ways were provided to carry off the water into the main part of the river. At 4.15 p.m. on Nov. 27, 1897, the pumps began their herculean task, and at 4 p.m. on Dec. 4 they stopped work, having emptied the great cistern in just seven days, and removing in that brief period nearly 170,000,000 gallons of water. The work of excavating the artificial channel then proceeded. The result of this remarkable undertaking, so soon to be brought to a close, will be an 18-ft. channel, 300 ft. in width and about 3½ miles in length. It will form an easy entrance to the great Canadian canal system of the St. Lawrence; it will shorten the regular course of vessels by over a mile, and, better than either of these, it will realise the dream of years by completing a grand all-British waterway from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean.

Another tie has been forged between the Dominion of Canada and the United States in the shape of a new suspension-bridge erected between the famous Queenston Heights and the Lewiston Mountain. This bridge is the only structure of the kind now spanning the gorge, as all the old suspension-bridges have been supplanted by steel arches. This



OPENING OF THE NEW SUSPENSION-BRIDGE OVER NIAGARA GORGE.

bridge is destined to be a link in a belt-line electric traction service about the beautiful Niagara gorge. It has a cable span of 1040 ft., and a suspended span of 800 ft. It is 65 ft. above the water, and therefore hangs suspended midway between the cliff-tops and the water's edge. It has a width of 25 ft., and through the centre runs a single track



THE GALOP RAPIDS, WHICH NO LONGER INTERFERE WITH CANADIAN COMMERCE.

for electric cars. There are 800 tons of metal in the bridge, and the cables weigh 200 tons more. These cables once formed a part of the old suspension-bridge that stood close to the Falls, having been cut in two for this new bridge. When so cut, however, they do not fill out the entire cable span, and for this reason a short distance at each end is filled out with eye-bars. This is the first time this construction has been adopted in a Niagara suspension-bridge. The ceremonies attending the opening were held on Queenston Heights, and the speeches were heartily applauded by the guests from both sides of the border.

The large statue of Cromwell, which owes its existence to the generosity of a mysterious donor, and to the modelling of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., is about to leave the safe harbourage of Burlington House, and to set forth on its much-disputed path to a site within the grounds of Westminster Palace. We all know that the Protector's name is not equally beloved in all parts of the Empire; and last Session the susceptibilities of certain members from Ireland were soothed by the description of the site set apart for this huge image of him as "an area." The present Session, however, could not end without a few words more on the subject. In reply to Mr. Brookfield, the member for the Rye Division of Sussex, who asked whether the House had been consulted about the acceptance of the statue, Mr. Akers-Douglas replied that gifts of the sort were not usually put to the vote. Mr. Johnson, expressing the sentiments of Belfast, said it was a pity that such a vote was not taken, so that the country might "note the names of those who are engaged in this idiotic opposition to honouring the memory of a great man." The Speaker, so called because he is the only member who may not speak in debate, cried "Order, order"; but of course a member of the opposing party had to have a turn, and Mr. James Lowther, by an ingeniously framed paragraph, which carried its sting in its tail, and left Madame Tussaud's all unnamed, asked the Minister if a more suitable site could not be found "in the neighbourhood of Baker Street, where there is a chamber specially reserved for malefactors." Loud laughter from all sides of the House rewarded the questioner for his adroitness, baffling to the last the alert ears of Mr. Gully. A challenge from Mr. Healy for the name of the "generous donor," with the flying suggestion that anonymity in this case meant not modesty, but shame, brought to its close an episode that reads stormily, but that really died out in the amused House amid impartial ripples of laughter.

Are the Rowton Houses, which have done so much to solve by private enterprise the vital question of the Housing of the Poor, to be classed as "common lodging-houses," or are they, in fact, poor men's hotels? Considering the great work they perform, they are probably content to be called anything in common parlance; but in this case there happens to be something in a name, and if "common lodging-house" is the correct one, the London County Council has the right to demand that the Rowton Houses be inspected, and be subject to the provisions of the Lodging-House Acts. The Council sent an inspector accordingly to the Rowton Houses in Bond Street, Vauxhall, and that institution, inhospitable for the first time in its history, shut the door in the inspector's face. Hence the action brought against Lord Rowton and Sir Richard Farrant, a fellow-director, by the London County Council at the West London



THE CITY OF CARDINAL, WHERE THE NEW CHANNEL ENDS.

Police Court the other day. Mr. Garrett, the presiding magistrate, decided in favour of the Rowton Houses; and by that decision they are placed, for the time, perhaps for all time, out of danger of that loss of prestige among their own patrons which a contrary decision would, experience teaches, have inflicted upon them.

Mr. Theodore Schreiner has written a letter to disclaim the assumption that his brother, the Cape Premier, and his sister, Miss Olive Schreiner, are influenced in their attitude towards the Transvaal difficulty by their "German parentage." As a matter of fact, their father, though of German birth, was a British subject who married an English lady, and loved England, not for that reason only, but because he adhered to those "principles of freedom, liberty, and justice, which are the foundation of the British Empire"—and have not, let us add, ceased to be such.

The failure of the National Portrait Gallery to extract from the Government funds for the purchase of the Wilkie portrait of the Queen, which the Marquis of Normanby desires to sell, has attracted the attention of her Majesty, and with such excellent effect that she has made the Gallery a present of the portrait of herself by Sir George Hayter, kept till now in Kensington Palace. The portrait shows the Queen at the time of the Coronation, and in the robes worn by her on that occasion. It is therefore contemporary with the Wilkie portrait, though not perhaps its equal in some other respects.

The Reculvers, or Sister Towers, are situated five miles from Herne Bay, and nine miles from Margate. On the site stood a Roman fortress, named Regulbium, garrisoned in the early part of the fifth century by a cohort of the Imperial army. It was erected for the defence of the northern coast of Thanet. At one time the building stood half a mile from the sea, but in 1780 the encroaching waters had crept up to its very margin, and a fall of the cliff brought down with it part of the northern wall. It is said that Frances St. Clare, Lady Abbess of the Benedictine nuns at Faversham, being very sick, vowed that if she recovered she would visit the shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Bradstow (Broadstairs) and there present a costly offering in gratitude for the Virgin's intercession on her behalf. On her recovery, she embarked on May 3 with her sister Isabel, for whom she entertained the warmest affection, but they had not been to sea two hours before a storm arose which drove the vessel on a sandbank near Reculver. Part of the crew and passengers, including the Abbess, succeeded in reaching the shore in a boat; but Isabel, who had remained on the wreck until a boat was sent from shore for the remainder, suffered so severely from cold and exhaustion that she died the following day. To perpetuate her memory as well as to warn mariners, the Abbess caused the church towers, then much decayed, to be repaired, and the two spires to be added, which she directed



Photo. J. Fuller, R.N.

THE RECVLVERS, OR SISTER TOWERS, HERNE BAY, THREATENED WITH DESTRUCTION.

should be named "The Sisters." Just now serious reports are being made on the encroachment of the sea in the vicinity of Herne Bay, and experts tell us that the total destruction of the sea front, as well as the historical Reculvers Tower, is only a matter of time unless some protection is at once constructed to stand the impact of the heavy seas. The Urban Council of this district have a scheme for such protection, which it is estimated will cost some £7000.

The lighting of the Red Sea seems at first sound to be a too practical infringement upon an ancient fairyland. But Sir Thomas Sutherland, and other members of Parliament interested in shipping, are naturally anxious about the progress of the light-houses with which the Porte has promised to bejewel the southern waters of the Red Sea. The historical attitude of Egypt towards the Red Sea differs, of course, a great deal from our own; but a good yearly surplus now arises from the Egyptian lights dues, and £80,000 is already set aside for the new towers of safety for the travellers over that mysterious main.

According to returns issued by the Board of Trade for the last quarter, 72,000 emigrants embarked for places outside Europe from the various ports of the United Kingdom at which emigration offices are stationed. The proportions in which England, Scotland, and Ireland took part in this exodus may be roughly stated as being, for every two Englishmen, three Scotsmen and twelve Irishmen. It is significant to note that, in comparison with similar terms for the last three years, the English emigration rate shows this year a decrease of 6 per cent., the Scottish an increase of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and the Irish an increase of 17 per cent.

The pair of zebras (Grevii), male and female, represented on this page, were captured by the Djuba River in the province of Dejasnabch Walda Gabriel. These zebras are the sole survivors of a herd of eighteen which were captured by the soldiers of the Dejasnabch, the remainder having died soon after being taken. They do not appear

to take kindly to living in captivity, and at present there is only one of this species in Europe. The zebras have been presented to her Majesty the Queen by the Emperor Menelik II. They were brought down to the Somali coast by Captain Harrington, Diplomatic Agent at the Court of the Negus, and were conveyed to Aden in the



Photo. supplied by A. W. Mead.

ZEBRAS PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY MENELIK II.

Elphinstone for transhipment to England by the P. and O. Company's steamer *Peninsula*. The animals were under the care of Mr. Thomson, Assistant-Superintendent, Zoological Gardens, London, who was specially sent out to superintend their transport home.

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, who paid a visit to Lord Roberts at the Curragh at the end of last week, will finally leave England in two or three days for the distant city from which he derives his title. The Khalifa has with him about four thousand devoted adherents; but the latest reports render it doubtful if any expedition will be sent forth against him. According to some, the tribes friendly to England can be left to deal with him; while another, and we hope a more likely rumour, credits the fugitive with a willingness to submit to the decision pronounced at Khartoum, and to make terms with the conqueror that will be mutually acceptable. Lord Kitchener will linger a little while in Cairo, on his way to Khartoum.

A water famine in the East End is an idea not altogether unfamiliar, but now the fashionable West seems to have felt the terror of drought. At a meeting of the St. James's Vestry last week it was announced that Piccadilly and Jermyn Street had been without water for several days. Immediate steps were taken to ensure a continuous supply.

The sale of the Bedgebury Park papers placed in the hands of purchasers a quantity of letters of very varying interest. Nearly a hundred and fifty thousand letters were found in the house formerly inhabited by Mr. A. B. Beresford Hope when it came to be sold. The weeding process reduced the number to comparatively small proportions, although letters were retained for the auction-room which had no importance other than that belonging to them as having been penned, as the catalogue said, by "titled persons." The letters of Mr. Gladstone were characteristically nearly the most numerous and lengthy of all, and they were, of course, considering to whom they were addressed, of ecclesiastical rather than of political import. Letters from Archbishops and Bishops were there in packets; but in the secular atmosphere of the sale-room a single letter from Victor Hugo, or from Thackeray, or from Ruskin was more keenly sought after than the many sheets embossed with mitres.

The *Meteor*, four times, on four successive days last week, won for the German Emperor the chief prize at Cowes. In particular the winning of the Queen's Cup by the *Meteor* gave its owner the occasion, not often missed, for a telegram quite to the



Photo. Stephen Crile, Southern.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S YACHT "METEOR," NOW RIGGED AS A YAWL, WINNING THE QUEEN'S CUP.

point. "Am overjoyed at winning my grandmother's trophy," it said, but could not forbear to add, "The handicap to *Britannia* was simply appalling." The *Britannia*, on board of which its owner, the Prince of Wales, has been spending a good deal of time, showed its best form when it came in second only to the Emperor's all-triumphant yawl in the run for the Town Cup.

THE VANDYCK TERCENTENARY: CHARACTERISTIC WORKS OF THE MASTER.

Antwerp has a right to keep the third centenary of Sir Anthony Vandyck's birth with a good conscience; for his native city did not wait till he was dead to give him honour. An exhibition of the master's works is an ideal way of keeping that historic birthday; it does honour to the illustrious dead, and it gives delight to the living. At such a show, if it is to represent the artist's life and work, England could not be absent, and, as a matter of fact, some forty of his canvases are contributed from English galleries. Even this number does not nearly complete the catalogue of our national possessions. These include Lord Warwick's well-known portrait of Charles I. (which is not to journey to Antwerp); the Queen's many examples; and, among scores of others, the "Dadalus and Icarus," belonging to Earl Spencer; the "Blenheim Madonna"—no longer at Blenheim; the familiar portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria, owned by Lord Radnor, and touched with a stateliness that ought to have had an easy triumph over most of the ladies of the Court; the "Crucifixion"—one of those many religious pictures which he had the example of Rubens, his friend and master, for producing, and which afterwards stirred our own Reynolds to an emulous admiration. In addition to several other works we reproduce also the painter's group of the Ribaucourt family, and one of those gay yet pensive portraits of himself which sometimes suggest that he imparted just a hint of his own expression to the portraits of Charles I., by which that King lives for ever.

The English career of Vandyck had its first episode very early in his artistic life. When he set forth from the studio of Rubens he did not reach Italy as Rubens



VANDYCK, PAINTER AND ENGRAVER, 1609-1641.

advised, but England, whither he was invited by the Earl of Arundel, whose portrait he at once painted. We find Charles I. paying him £100 (for what, is not quite certain) in 1620; and when he left England later in that year he was passported as one of "his

Majesty's servants." What with painting in Italy, in France, and in Flanders, where a good deal of love-making was also done, twelve years passed before Vandyck found himself back again in London. Besides his house in Blackfriars, he had a country house at Eltham; and his knighthood was accompanied by a gold chain, a portrait set in jewels, and a pension from the King, his admiring patron. His studio became a lounge for the King and for the smart set of the day. The painter was a prince in his magnificence, and even his large income lacked the elasticity to cover all the demands made upon it. The King played the matchmaker when he thought that his favourite painter had been too long a bachelor; and Miss Maria Ruthven became Lady Vandyck and bore the painter a daughter, who was named Justiniana, and who married a Pembrokehire Baronet—Sir John Stepney—a family that became extinct in the direct line in 1825.

The pictures with which Sir Anthony Vandyck designed to decorate the walls of the Banqueting Room at Whitehall were to cost £75,000; but the King's funds failed, and the King's friends began to think less about portraits. The arts of peace gave way to preparations for the arts of war. Lord Strafford, a friend and patron of the painter, was executed, and the Parliament men did not come to lounge in the studio at Blackfriars. A visit to Paris to chase away the ennui of the

great artist somehow failed to effect its purpose. He returned to London to die at the surprisingly early age of forty-two. Buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, his ashes repose near to the spot where he painted and feasted during the happiest and most productive years of his life.



THE RIBAUCCOURT FAMILY.—BY VANDYCK.



THE VANDYCK STÂTUE. PLACE DE MUSÉE, ANTWERP.

Drawn by Oscar Wilson.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.—WITH ADMIRAL RAWSON'S FLEET: FIRST AND ONLY SIGHT OF THE ENEMY'S CRUISERS OFF THE SOUTH COAST OF IRELAND.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Sapping Wright, on Board the "Prince George."



Photo. Crick, Southport.

THE COWES REGATTA: THE RACE FOR THE EMPEROR'S CUP.

On July 29, while the British Training Squadron was lying at anchor at Bergen, the German Emperor arrived in the *Hohenzollern*, and Commodore Edmund S. Poë, commanding the British Squadron, waited on his Majesty. The Commodore and Captains were honoured with the Emperor's commands to dine on board the *Hohenzollern* the

same evening, and next day his Majesty inspected the *Raleigh* (flag-ship) and honoured Commodore Poë with his presence at dinner in the evening. The Emperor was so pleased with his reception that he remained on board the *Raleigh*, with Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein and his suite, until midnight. The *Hohenzollern* left Bergen on

July 30 for Kiel. The *Raleigh* enjoys the unique distinction of having hoisted the German Emperor's flag as a British Admiral of the Fleet four times in the space of two years, the former occasions having been at Trondhjem and at Molde last summer, when a similar pleasant exchange of courtesies was enjoyed.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S YACHT "HOHENZOLLENN" AT BERGEN.

From a Sketch by Mr. W. E. R. Martin, H.M.S. "Raleigh."



Photo. Killo, Torquay.

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES: THE FLEET IN TORBAY.



ON THE DEE, WALES.

From the Painting by J. C. Adams, now in the possession of Mr. George Stannage.



Entrance to the
late Queen's
Pungee Kyong.



A Rich
Burmese Lady.



West Gate
Entrance.



A Bungalow.



Road Leading
to the Palace.



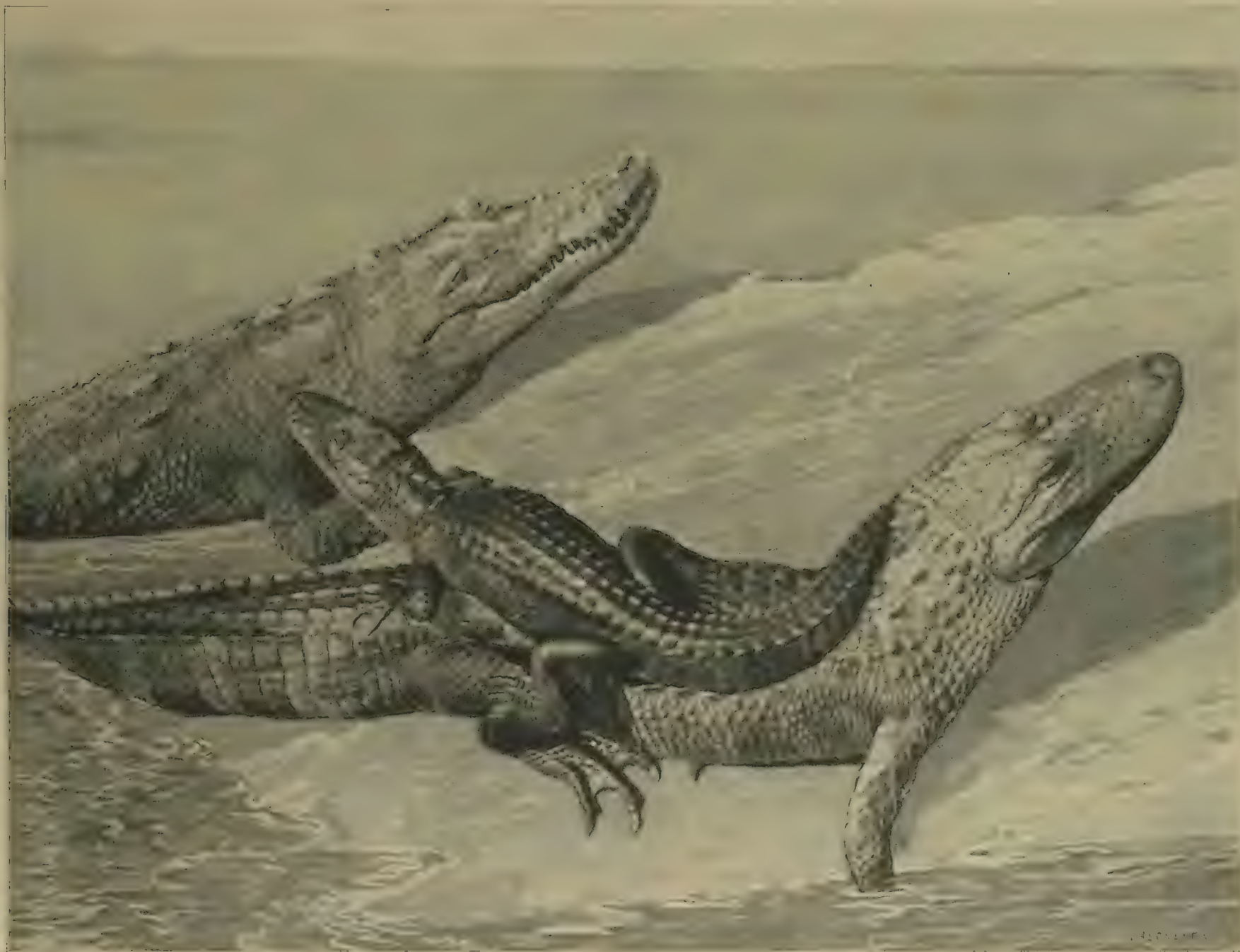
Scene at
a Well



A Village Scene



A MANDALAY CAB.



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: No. XXVII.—COMMON ALLIGATORS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

By LARCELLES AND CO., 13, FITZROY STREET, W.

The alligator is so closely allied to the crocodile that some naturalists have classed them together as forming one genus. The head is broader and shorter than that of the true crocodile, and the snout is more obtuse.

PARISIANS BY THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

There are at the present day numberless seaside resorts on the French littoral, from Dunkerque to Biarritz and from Port Vendres to Nice. It would be idle to pretend that there is a Margate or a Ramsgate, a Southend or a Yarmouth, and least of all a Blackpool, among them. The mechanic, the modestly provided clerk and warehouseman, the small manufacturer and tradesman, neither take their families to the seaside nor do they go thither by themselves. I might say that the statement holds absolutely good as far as the Parisians are concerned. If there be any exceptions to it, I am not aware of them; as for the same class in the provinces, there are no exceptions. In the first place, the English system of giving every category of employes, from the highest to the humblest, a fortnight's or even a week's holiday—with or without the payment of their usual salary—is as yet not dreamt of in France.

The besetting sin or the besetting virtue—the reader may take his choice—of the bulk of French men and women is their frugality. The atmosphere is too tropical either for mental or bodily exertion, and euphemism in the choice of words is therefore to be commended. The humbler class of Frenchmen capable of saving and disposed to save the 200f. or 300f. required for a little summer trip, put them by for a metaphorically rainy day, instead of expending them in getting a breath of ozone in the dog-days. This inborn tendency to thrift must never be lost sight of, even in the discussion of the most apparently insignificant social problem of French life. The writer who loses sight of it is almost certain to make some ludicrous blunder. This thrift, then, among the majority of the humbler classes who are enabled to save at all, accounts for the non-existence on the French seaboard of such popular seaside resorts as dot our coasts. French watering-places all come under the denomination of "fashionable." No "cheap tripper" desecrates them by his presence even for four-and-twenty hours, let alone for a week or a fortnight. In my formerly frequent visits to the southern coasts of England and also to Yarmouth I have seen establishments by the score where "Arny" and "Arriet" were lodged and fed—and properly fed—for five-and-twenty shillings per week. I doubt whether there be a single establishment of that kind in France. There are, of course, *pensions*, but they cater for a class far above the merely wage-earning one.

Therefore, French watering-places are nothing if not fashionable. There are dozens of seaside resorts in England mainly patronised by the better classes which are practically unprovided with amusements in the accepted sense of the term. But even when there are high-class entertainments, excellent bands, and capably conducted establishments—such as, for instance, Devonshire Park at Eastbourne—they are, except on rare occasions, deserted shortly after ten p.m., and one hour after that nine-tenths of the fashionable or unfashionable visitors to our seaside resorts are in bed; the other tenth, exclusively composed of men, foregathered perhaps in the smoking-rooms or billiard-rooms of their hotels. "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man," etc. Englishmen and Englishwomen believe in the old saw—at any rate, while they are at the seaside in their own country. I am not quite prepared to say that they do not leave their faith behind when they cross the Channel or the North Sea. Whenever I happen to stroll into a casino or kursal on the Continent, the proportion of Britons to the other visitors is generally as five to one.

Parisians and the dwellers in the large provincial centres of France do not believe in the old saw, whether they are at home or on the littoral. "The people who go to bed earliest and get up earliest," said a witty Frenchman to me some years ago, "are the peasants." They are, as a rule, wracked with gout, rheumatism, lumbago, and other diseases. They are frugal, and almost deny themselves the necessities of life; yet in spite of their saving propensities and their voluntary or enforced short rations, they are not wealthy. They have a certain amount of cunning, but for the rest they are as stupid as owls, with this difference: that they blink knowingly in the daytime instead of in the dark." Of course, it would not be difficult to pick any number of holes in this sermon against early rising and early retiring, but it represents the opinion on those two subjects of the average urban Frenchman.

The promoters of the French seaside resorts, whether large or small, were and are perfectly cognisant of the mania of the French man and woman of the world for turning night into day. They—the promoters—also knew that the first and foremost condition for satisfying this mania is the building of a casino. When I was scarcely more than a lad, French workmen used to sing a ditty about an "intrepid colonist," whose initial proceeding in the founding of a city in the Sahara was the importation of a grand piano. "To keep away the lions and to charm the serpents," ran one line of the song. The words "grand piano" and "casino" are synonymous in the minds of said impresarios of Amphitrite, for they can be classical on occasions. They argue as follows: Arion with his tortoise-shell lyre caused walls to uprise; why should not a pupil of Erard raise palaces?

Given, then, a desolate shore, whether of sand or shingle, so desolate as even to frighten the sea-birds, there is an infallible means of attracting a certain clientele—by building a casino. A good deal of backsheesh distributed among a well-known category of newspapers and flaming posters opportunely pasted on grimy urban walls throughout the length and breadth of "fair France" is the second move; and unless persistent bad luck interferes, two or three repetitions of these proceedings, coupled with a month's free board and lodging of the best to a score or two of journalists, does the trick. In the fourth year, the reputation of "fashionable" resort begins to spread. Some of the *beau monde*, and perhaps a portion of the *villain monde*, flock to the places. How they disport themselves must be told in my next letter.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CHARLES BURNETT.—Send the problem along by all means. We will examine it with pleasure.

T KEATES.—You may look for a report shortly.

MABELLA.—The error has already been acknowledged.

F. H. MORAN.—Your problem is faulty in the main play. If Black play 1. Kt to K 4th, then 2. Q takes Kt, or 2. P to K 3rd, and Mate follows in two more moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2878 and 2879 received from Upendra Nath Maitra (Chimpooh); of No. 2884 from Mrs. E. E. Morris (Barnstable); of No. 2882 from C. E. H. (Clifton); of No. 2883 from Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Dr. Goldsmith, Joseph Dean (Ouchthorpe), W. R. B. (Clifton), Mary B. Canning (Coleraine), and C. E. H. (Clifton).

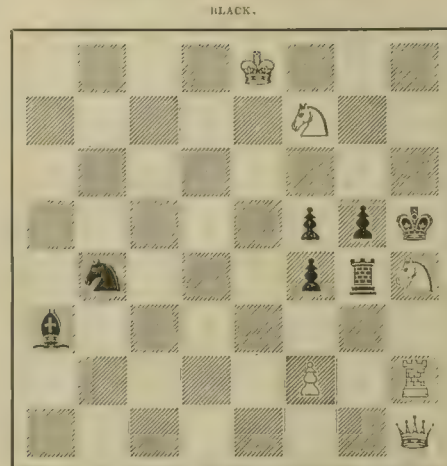
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2884 received from C. E. Perugini, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Charles Burnett, F. Harrison (Liverpool), F. H. Morgan (Cardiff), T. Roberts, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), H. Le Jeune, Captain Spencer, F. J. Candy (Norwood), George Stillington Johnson (Cobham), Reginald Gordon (Kennington), T. Keates (Barnham), F. J. S. (Hampstead), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), T. Palmer (West Brighton), F. Dalby, C. E. H. (Clifton), and Sorrento.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2882 By G. S. JOHNSON.

WHITE. 1. Kt to R 4th. 2. Kt to Kt 2nd (ch). 3. Q mates accordingly.

If Black play 1. K to K 2nd or to K 3rd, 2. Kt (R 4th) to B 6th (ch), etc. There is another way of solving this problem by 1. K to B 2nd.

PROBLEM No. 2886.—By C. W. (Sunbury).



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN COPENHAGEN.

Game played between Messrs. C. DALL and V. NIELSEN.

(Four Knights Game.)

WHITE (Mr. D.) BLACK (Mr. N.)
 1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
 2. Kt to K B 3rd. Kt to Q B 3rd.
 3. Kt to K B 3rd. Kt to K B 3rd.
 4. B to Kt 5th.
 The opening is decidedly irregular, having a spice of the Vienna Game, Bay Lopez, etc.
 5. B takes Kt.
 This exchange is not very good, seeing that Black gets an open Q file. In the ordinary Bay Lopez B to K 4th is generally adopted, and here B to B 4th was certainly better than the text move.
 6. P to Q 4th. Q P takes B.
 7. Q to Q 3rd. P takes P.
 8. Kt takes P. B takes Kt (ch).
 9. P takes B. Castles.
 10. Castles. P to B 4th.
 11. Kt to K 2nd. Q to K 2nd.
 12. Kt to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 13. B to B 4th. Q to R 4th.
 14. Q to K 2nd. P to Kt 4th.
 15. K to R 4th. Kt to Kt 4th.
 16. P to K B 3rd. Kt to R 4th.
 17. Kt takes Kt.
 If 17. P takes B, Kt takes B; 18. Q to K 3rd, Q to K 4th; 19. R to R 4th, R to K 4th; 20. Q takes P, Q takes Q B P.
 WHITE resigns.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played between Messrs. WILSON and WATSON.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Wilson). BLACK (Watson).
 1. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
 2. P to Q B 4th. P to K 3rd.
 3. Kt to Q B 3rd. Kt to K B 3rd.
 4. Kt to B 3rd. P to B 4th.
 This is often played now, the object being to get an open file and isolate White's Queen's Pawn.
 5. P to K 3rd. Kt to B 3rd.
 6. B to Q 3rd. P to Q R 3rd.
 Threatening P takes R, followed by P to Q R 4th, which gives Black the attack.
 7. P takes Q P. K P takes P.
 8. P takes P. B takes P.
 9. Castles. B to Kt 5th.
 10. P to Q Kt 3rd. K to Kt 5th.
 11. B to Kt 2nd. K B takes Kt.
 12. B takes B. Kt to K 6th.
 13. R to B 2nd. P to K R 4th.
 14. B to K 2nd. B takes Kt.
 15. B takes B. Q to K 4th.
 16. Q to Q 3rd.
 B takes Kt seems preferable, followed by Q to K 4th (ch).
 WHITE (Wilson). BLACK (Watson).
 17. B takes Q Kt. Q takes B.
 18. K to Q 4th. R to Q 4th.
 19. Q to Q 4th. Q to K 3rd.
 Black surrenders a good position by what looks like an oversight. There was no harm in a simple exchange. Now the game goes with the Kt P.
 20. B takes Kt P. K R to B sq.
 21. B takes Kt. Q takes B.
 22. R to Q 4th. Q to K 3rd.
 23. R to K 4th. P to B 3rd.
 24. P takes P. R to K 4th.
 25. P to Q 6th. R to B 2nd.
 26. Q to Kt 6th (ch).
 A rather neat finish. The Queen is lost in a few moves.
 27. R to B sq.
 28. Q to Kt 6th (ch). Resigns.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

THE TWELFTH.

To the keen sportsman, be he statesman or soldier, peer or commoner, learned logician or busy City man, the Twelfth of August stands out beyond all other days in the calendar with a charm peculiarly its own. It would be somewhat difficult to analyse the elements which combine in creating the undefinable witchery which compasses this eventful day. Each of these, however, possesses some virtue of more or less fascination: the picturesque surroundings of the sport, the vague possibilities concerning the bag which may fall to one's gun, the reawakening of the spirit of one's healthy boyhood and school days, all combine to create that magical influence which captures the sportsman as soon as he puts his foot on the heather, and keeps him under a supreme spell until his last grouse has fallen to his gun.

The evening of the 11th has come again, and sportsmen have arrived in each shooting-lodge from Morven to Mull, from Balquhider to Braemar. That is an exciting evening in those temporary Highland homes, whether in the castle of a Scottish Earl with a pedigree of seven centuries, in the romantic home of a proud Highland laird, or in the well-equipped mansion of the successful business-man of the present day. Dinner over, the ladies graciously concede any lengthened attendance of the "male monsters" in the drawing-room—as Carlyle has it—on that special evening. Then the shooters adjourn to the smoking-room or to the library, and, over pipes and cigars, discuss guns, pointers, moors, and former experiences till the midnight hour has struck.

The morning of the Twelfth dawns. A pale, pearly blue is streaking the horizon—that colour which Dante so exquisitely describes in relation to the dawn upon the purgatorial mountain, as the *tremola della marina* ("the trembling of the sea"). Above this belt of strange, gleaming whiteness there appears a zone of the most delicate sea-green tint, which, in turn, fades into, or rather, interpenetrates, the margin of a long, horizontal belt of saffron so ethereal that the eye endeavours to catch some of the fading stars behind. A cold, spectral gleam steals over granite crag and the long, billowy stretch of brown moor; whilst high in the zenith millions of filmy, iridescent flecks, all interlaced like the scales on a salmon, appear, as if they had suddenly emerged from limitless space. And now the whole sky kindles into flame—spikes of gold, bars of crimson, and banners of royal purple signalling to nature and to men the tidings of a new day.

The morning is most auspicious as to atmospheric conditions, the moor is reached—some of the ladies, attired *en chasseur*, having driven with the sportsmen to its fringe—and a start is made. Shooters, keepers, gillies, and dogs are alike keen. The sportsmen are in line, some in Norfolk of Harris tweed in fawn or dark green; others—including the veterans of a conservative turn of mind—in the old-fashioned garb of shooting-coat, and wearing the brown, serviceable gaiters.

It is an exciting moment, like that in which an army awaits the sound of the first gun and the bugle-notes of onset. The pointers are alike eager and alert. Suddenly the foremost one covers to a dead point in the midst of a clump of heather. The guns approach, the tyro of the party, in his eagerness, ahead of the experienced hands. With a whirl of wings which in this supreme moment sounds like a hurricane, up springs a covey of birds. The excited tyro raises his 12-bore, and quickly fires right and left; and ere he has time to realise what he has done, he sees his first brace fall in the brown heather a few yards off. With an eager haste at which the veterans smile, he rushes forward and picks up the birds himself; and when the pawlike Highland gillie congratulates him with "That was ferry well shot, Sir," his joy is beyond bounds, and he at once inwardly resolves that he will write his darling Madge that very evening concerning his exploit; and of course the winsome Madge will be as proud of her lover and hero as if he were the victor of Omdurman.

Soon everyone is in the thick of the sport, with that ever-varying success which is one of the charms of grouse-shooting wherever there is plenty of cover. To your genuine sportsman the driving of grouse is distasteful: to him the interest of the chase has but a qualified satisfaction when he has to crouch concealed behind a battery or in a moss-hagg, to slaughter those birds of burnished splendour driven to his gun by an army of beaters. He infinitely prefers to shoot over the dogs: in this method he can note with a peculiar interest that intelligence which enables those animals to co-operate so eagerly with their masters towards the successful issues of the day. Besides, to one who has the "seeing eye," this method of shooting is infinitely preferable. The mountain scenery, the driving, snowy clouds overhead and their duplicated shadows on the brown moor, the tumultuous cascades which flash down the clefts of the hills, the gleam of the grey granite and the slaty gneiss amidst the shadows of corrie and glen, the rugged peaks which have tenderly cleft their hearts to furnish a refuge for the wild gentians and the rosy bells of the mountain heath, and the deep, solemn beauty of the twilight falling on the far-stretching moorland—a beauty which recalls the far-off tones of the Angelus bell, or the music of a mass sung in some grand old cathedral as the shadows of night fall—all contribute to a mental enjoyment, the memories of which will long remain.

Then follow the counting of the bags, the drive homewards, and the welcome given by the ladies, in castle courtyard or under the beeches on the lawn of some modern mansion. Nor are evening dances unknown during this delectable sporting season, when there are bagpipes, strathspeys, and reels galore. And has it not happened more than once on such occasions that a captivating lass has danced herself gracefully into, say, the barony of Glenbracken, or some domain equally good? A. L.

A picture to be entitled "The Cry for Peace," by Mr. F. Wilfred Lawson, of 61A, Cadogan Square, S.W., is shortly to be placed before the public. The work symbolises the universal desire for peace, and contains portraits of the principal monarchs and rulers of the earth as well as the leaders in thought, art, and science. Many of these have given sittings to the artist. The picture will be on view at the Doré Gallery.



SOUNDING THE RETREAT, MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

A familiar scene in the Uruguayan capital. Just at sunset the drums of the Republican Guard turn out and sound the last tattoo.

LADIES' PAGE.

Yachting has become a favourite pastime with women of means. During the Cowes Week and afterwards, many are the little craft flitting about in the Solent under the guidance of sportswomen. They are by no means fair-weather sailors. Mrs. Schenley, Miss Cox, and many others are famed for the intrepidity with which they

of years, are shown to be mistakes; blondes can wear yellow—yes, even a touch of orange, and brunettes may appear in blue without causing their admirers a shiver.

Mrs. Willie James, who, with her husband, was the Prince of Wales's guest on board the royal yacht, H.L.R.I., thus returning the hospitality that he received at Goodwood, wore a blue serge skirt with a white and pink silk blouse, made with a sailor-collar of pure white. Mrs. Arthur James, also the Prince's guest, was in cornflower-blue canvas, with white silk yoke and lace revers and flounces. The Marchioness of Tweeddale had on a very smart mixture of white and dark blue. The dress was in white serge, the pointed tunic bound with blue face-cloth, headed by blue and white braid; the semi-fitting coat was turned back with revers of blue cloth, showing a waistcoat of white and blue spotted drill. Lady Iveagh wore white silk muslin with strips of wide insertion of beautiful lace over blue; a blue ostrich-feather boa and sunshade gave a note of deeper colour, the tulle of white tulle being trimmed with lace fans and pink roses. Countess de Guines had a charming costume of white voile, made with quite a train edged round with two little flounces; a wide insertion of lace ran round the skirt so as to give a tunic effect, the lace deepening to a point at front and back, and rising higher to the sides; from this, all round at intervals, embroidery in baby-ribbon was carried up to the waist. The bodice consisted of alternate insertions of lace, tucked voile, and rows of ribbon embroidery; revers of white satin covered with lace turned back from a narrow vest of lace, in the centre of which, over the bust, was placed a large loose bow of black velvet ribbon with a diamond brooch in it, while a narrow line of black velvet ribbon topped the transparent lace folded collar. Lady Hughes wore cream silk, with lace insertions running downwards to three narrow flounces that were embroidered with rosebuds; pink silk draped with cream lace composed the yoke, and the belt was white silk embroidered with rosebuds to match the flouncing.

For smart dressing, even for the promenade, a certain amount of jewellery is needful. Many women would not be seen at any time of the day without the string of pearls that fashion dictates at the moment, and a few good brooches and bangles are equally indispensable. More jewellery still is worn at the Casino of a foreign watering-place in evenings; while for country-house visiting, where dressing for dinner and impromptu dances are the order of the day, a full supply of ornaments is needed. Yet it is most unsafe to carry about fine pearls and diamonds. How many have been the thefts of jewel-cases, even when confided to the special care of faithful servants! A moment's carelessness or distraction, caused by the arts known to practised thieves, and the confidential maid has proved a broken reed. Some portions of the Continental railway system have even acquired a bad reputation for the thefts that have taken place from trunks during transit. Wise women, therefore, will place their costly real gems in the safe custody of their bankers' strong-room, and will select sufficient ornaments for travelling wear from the beautiful stock of the Parisian Diamond Company. Their pearls are absolutely indistinguishable, even by experts, from the extremely costly real gems; "skin," slight irregularities of form—every point is perfect. The Parisian diamonds, again, are brilliant stones, and they are set as exquisitely and artistically in every possible form as the genuine precious gems. It is mere folly to risk heirlooms and stones of great value in travel when these perfect substitutes are available at such moderate prices; and the sensible woman will prepare for her journey by inspecting the treasures of the laboratory at 143, Regent Street, and 85, New Bond Street.

Confusion reigns in English seaside resorts at present on the question of mixed bathing. Some of the Town Councils have fully admitted the practice, and made bye-laws for its regulation. In other places, it remains an offence, and I see that at a Devonshire resort a machine-proprietor has been fined for permitting men and women to bathe together. It is certainly very much to be desired that all round the coast, whether there be mixed bathing or not, bye-laws should require a decent peignoir to be worn by male bathers, as is exacted in all Continental watering-places. When this is arranged for, the objection to mixed bathing seems to disappear; and the enhanced amusement, as well as the greater safety, of bathing in family parties is usually appreciated. Still, there seems no reason why all visitors' views should not be met, by having separate spots along the beach allotted to mixed and divided bathing respectively.

Frenchwomen, since they invariably bathe in the same part of the sea as men, take much more thought as to their bathing-dresses than has been usual here. But this toilette detail is increasingly attended to now by Englishwomen. The best material that can be used, all things considered, for a bathing costume is a thin serge, either blue or white. The thinnest, it is true, becomes weighty in the water, and hence a stout drill or galatea is preferred by swimmers. Braid adds appreciably to the heaviness of a bathing-dress, and strips of drill make an equally satisfactory trimming when applied to serge. A good plan is to fasten the bathing-dress down the left side, like a Russian blouse, and there a wide strip of pale blue drill or blue and white striped galatea can be applied to make the button-holes in, and carried on round the bottom of the tunic, while the knickers can be entirely of the cotton material. By this means much weight may be dispensed with, while the advantages of the serge—which are that it does not cling so closely to the form, and that it does not allow the chill wind to penetrate so much to give perhaps cold or rheumatism to delicate people—are practically retained. White serge, with the neck cut down to the pit of the throat, and finished with a sailor-collar of red and white striped drill, with knickers and tunic edging of the same drill, is another model to be recommended.

When will the average British woman learn the secret possessed by the poorest Frenchwoman—namely, that the first point in dress is that it shall be suitable to the occasion? The question might be asked as to men as well; for

the contrast between Jacques in his well-washed blouse of linen and John in his thick and grimy shoddy suit of work in all sorts of dirty occupations is painful to behold. But what suggests this observation to me at this moment is the fact that I have seen at a popular seaside place quite a number of girls cycling in white petticoats. Oh! the atrocious unsuitability of it—the bad taste and lack of good sense combined! There is nothing so comfortable for cycling as silk knickers, and a sale remnant that proves too short for a blouse, or of a colour so obdiliging that nothing will amiably combine therewith, will be found long enough, very likely, for this purpose, and the colour does not matter; a lining of thin washing material is, of course, necessary—white lawn or thin cotton will do very well. Alpaca is an excellent material for summer cycling knickers, and has the advantage of being itself washable, as well as almost as slippery for the skirt to move over as silk. Tennis demands just one pretty lace-trimmed petticoat over the knickers; while the devotee of the croquet renaissance has the advantage of being able to sport as many elegant underskirts as pleases her fancy.

Our Illustrations are smart dresses for country-house visits, or garden-parties. One shows an original way of finishing off a lace dress; vest and sash are of folded chiffon, held in place with pearl buttons. Black velvet belt and band at the throat relieve the effect, and the hat is of white ermine with chiffon bow and strings. The other would serve for evening or dinner dress where demi-toilette is best liked. It is constructed of white Indian muslin, with tunic of black lace in a large design, edged with a fringe of black chiffon; collar and belt are of black velvet.

Miss Lilla Clay, whose "Ladies' orchestra," trained and conducted by herself, was familiar at "At Homes" and bazaars, died last week at the early age of thirty-seven. Another woman who has also passed away at an untimely age is Frau Schewerin, who was only elected to the honourable post of treasurer of the International Council of Women at the recent meeting in London. She was chosen in part because the next meeting is fixed to take place five years hence in Berlin, where she resided. She was a leader in many works of charity in Germany, and had particularly endeavoured to secure for working-women there the advantage of having women inspectors under their factories' law.

Miss Charlotte Yonge, author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," happy in many features of her career, has now had



A SMART DRESS FOR A GARDEN PARTY.

put their little 24 to 30-footers out in squally weather, and the skill and strength that they display in handling the tiller. In a larger craft male physical force tells; but on the small yachts greater strength than is well within a woman's limits is merely superfluous, and pluck and skill are of the more consequence—and are qualities in which ladies are found to be abundantly equipped. The charm of guiding a vessel is said by the lucky practitioners of the art to be incomparably greater than that of driving the most powerful of horses, and the personal sense of freedom and the exhilaration of the atmosphere at sea complete the enjoyment. Most of the large yachting clubs round the coast have a ladies' day now during their season, but some of the best also admit ladies as ordinary members.

White or navy serge, relieved with scarlet, crimson, or pale blue in belt and tie, is the most usual dress for yachting. The Princess of Wales generally wears a peaked cloth cap on board, but everybody is not gifted with the grace to make such severe headgear tolerable; a sailor-hat large enough to sit well on the head is ideal in ordinary weather, and for a strong breeze a Tam-o'-Shanter is most comfortable. An oilskin-coat and "tammie" are desirable.

Church parade at Cowes on Sunday was as smart, though of course not as large, as in the Park in June. Some people elect to wear yachting dress even for church, but most prefer to show their lighter dresses. Description palls by reason of the immense popularity of white this season, though the gowns are varied to the eye by differences of texture and modes of making; it is not possible for the imagination to seize such details from description. White has been proved by scientific experiments to be the coolest of all tones for wearing in the sun's rays; so it is fortunate for us that in this exceptionally beautiful summer—the hottest July, the Meteorological Office informs us, since 1881—it has been fashionable to wear white above and beyond all things else, the fabrics ranging from airy lace to solid serge. When actual white is declined, the very pale shades of cloth that are akin to no colour at all are mostly chosen. The delicate "pastelle" shades, palest grey and fawn, perhaps with a mere touch of vivid colour in sash or trimmings, and linings only visible in glimpses, were chiefly intermixed with the white frocks at Cowes; and a correspondent at Scarborough informs me that exactly the same is true of the dress at that fashionable centre. When colour is chosen, however, it is almost always blue. The notions of our grandmothers as to the propriety of certain colours for particular complexions, and rigidly defined limitations



A HANDSOME DEMI-TOILETTE DINNER DRESS.

the rare privilege of seeing erected in her own lifetime the memorial cairn that is usually placed only when the object of respect and admiration is no more. Such tributes are then only of use "to encourage the others," for, as Tennyson has said, "the fame that follows death is nothing to us." Miss Yonge's memorial, by her own wish, has taken the form of a scholarship for girls at Winchester High School. The amount contributed by her admiring readers for this memorial is over eighteen hundred pounds, and it is expected to be raised to two thousand yet.—FILOMENA.

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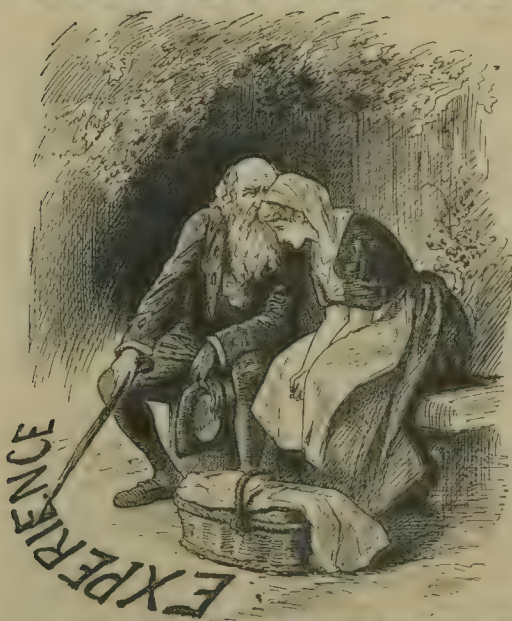
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1879), with four codicils (dated Aug. 26, 1886, Jan. 11, 1887, Oct. 9, 1894, and Jan. 6, 1897), of Mr. Alexander Anthony Vlasto, of Chios House, Poynders Road, Clapham Park, a member of the firm of Halli Brothers, Finsbury Circus, who died on June 6, was proved on July 31 by Mrs. Chuliope Vlasto, the widow, Theodore Anthony Vlasto, the brother, and Stephen Augustus Halli, the executors, the value of the estate being £333,590. The testator gives his furniture, plate, and pictures, carriages and horses to his wife; £200 to the Greek schools of Scio; £150 to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street; £100 to the Home for Little Boys, near Farningham; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children.

The will (dated Aug. 26, 1872), with a codicil (dated May 23, 1899), of Mr. John Nixon, of 117, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, of Nixon's Navigation Company, who died on June 3, has been proved by William Howard Bell, the nephew, and Henry Edward Gray, and Charles Robert Gray, the grand-nephews, and Sir William Thomas Lewis, Bart., the executors, the value of the estate being £1,155,069. The testator gives his freehold premises called Collingwood House, Brighton, £1000, £50,000, his furniture and household effects, and an annuity of £5000, or of £1000 if she again marries, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Nixon; £10,000, upon trust, for his niece Mary Louisa Bell and her children; £4000, upon trust, for his nephew Henry Nixon Bell; £5000 each to William Howard Bell, John Selby Gray and Charles John Nixon Gray; annuities of £150 each to his brothers-in-law John Gray and William Howard Bell; annuities of £400 each to his sisters Elizabeth Jano Nixon and Barbara Selby Gray, for life, and then the capital sum thereof for their respective children. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, and on failure of this trust, as to one third each to his nephews William Howard Bell, John Selby Gray, and Charles John Nixon Bell.

The will (dated July 30, 1898) of Mrs. Jane Susannah Fish, of 13, Queen's Gate, South Kensington, who died on May 28, was proved on July 18 by Mrs. Jessie Lea, the daughter, Percy Robert Turner Toynbee, and George Prestige, the executors, the value of the estate being £85,767. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to Miss Elizabeth Crano; £200 to Miss Kate Richardson; £3000 to her brother, William Richard Frost, and £500 each to his children; £100 to Dr. Dudley; £300 to her brother-in-law, John W. Cooper; £3000 to her niece, Ellen Brice; £2000 each to her nieces, Ada Bronker, Kate Cooper, and Amelia Cooper; £1000 to George Prestige; £200 to Percy P. T. Toynbee; £100 to Mrs. Sarah Fish; £100 each to the children of Henry Smith Fish; and £2000, and her house in Cathcart Road, to Mrs. Eleanor Avila. The residue of her property she leaves to her daughter.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1896) of Mr. Richard Hanbury Joseph Gurney, of Northrepps Hall, Norwich, who died on May 6, was proved on July 26 by Mrs. Sarah Evelyn

Gurney, the widow, Charles Louis Buxton, the brother-in-law, John Nigel Gurney, and Francis Hubert Barclay, the executors, the value of the estate being £110,311. The testator gives to his wife his residence, 25, The Drive, Brighton, with the furniture and effects therein, £950, and all his wine, horses, carriages, and farm stock and implements; to his executors, except his wife, £100 each; legacies to servants; and during the lifetime of Mrs. Gurney £500 per annum each to his sons, and £200 per annum each to his daughters. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life. At her death he bequeaths £1000 each to his daughters and devises his estates at Colby, Smallburgh, Statham, and Northrepps to his son Quinton Edward, and the Horningtoft estate to his son Christopher Richard. The ultimate residue is to be held, upon trust, for his sons, but the share of his eldest son is to be double that of his other sons.

The will (dated April 3, 1894) of Mr. William Edward Dawson, of Holt House, Redhill, who died on May 17, was proved on July 25 by William George Dawson, the son, Miss Catherine Dawson, the daughter, and Thomas Shaw Lowry, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £75,681. The testator bequeaths £500 each to his daughters, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Giles and Mrs. Winifred Lowry; £50 to Ann Dawson; £100 to Dr. Francis Bossey; £100 each to his executors; and legacies to servants and workpeople. He specifically gives, devises, and appoints freehold and leasehold houses and land at Plumstead, Woolwich, and Dulwich to his children, William George, Ebenezer, Catherine, Mrs. Lowry, and Mrs. Giles, and to the children of his deceased daughter, Mrs. Susanna Middleton. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Giles and Mrs. Lowry, and one third, upon trust, for his son-in-law, John O. Middleton, for life, and then to the children of his deceased daughter, Mrs. Middleton.

The will (dated March 30, 1899) of Mrs. Mary Fortnum, of The Hill House, Stanmore, widow, who died on April 9,

was proved on July 27 by John Robert Holland, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £51,631. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to the National Life-boat Institution; £100 to the Rector of Stanmore for distribution among the poor of his parish; £200 each to Harriett Louisa Phillips, Martha Winckworth, and Catherine Buée; £1000 to her goddaughter, May Beatrice Holland; £500 to Mary Ann Burton; £2000 consols to Francis Seymour John Pile; £1000 consols to Leslie John Acton Pile; £100 to her executor; and legacies and specific gifts to friends and servants. The residue of her property she leaves as to four sevenths to Fanny Eliza Holland and three sevenths, upon trust, for the Rev. John Pile, for life, and then to his children by his wife Amelia.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Nov. 2, 1895), with four codicils (dated Sept. 9, 1896, and April 20, Oct. 28, and Nov. 21, 1898), of the Hon. Power Henry le Poer Trench, of 26, Albion Street, Hyde Park, who died on April 30, late H.M. Minister in Japan, granted to the Hon. Frederick le Poer Trench, the brother, and Francis Lawdon Moira Crozier, the executors, was resealed in London on July 28, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £36,077. The testator bequeaths £4000 to his brother, Colonel the Hon. William le Poer Trench; £1500 to his nephew William Martins le Poer Trench; £2000 to his nephew Richard John le Poer Trench; £2000 to the Right Hon. Sir Edward Thornton, G.C.B.; £5000 to Mrs. James Dodds, of Yokohama; £1000 to Beryl Power Dodds; £1000 to his sister, Lady Ann Trench; £1000 to his niece Mrs. William le Poer Trench; £2000 to his niece Lady Katherine le Poer Trench; and £500 to his manservant, William Young. He appoints his brother, the Hon. Frederick le Poer Trench, his residuary legatee and devisee.

The will (dated June 19, 1898) of Mrs. Cecil Henrietta Bere, of 49, Norfolk Square, Paddington, who died on April 3, widow of his Honour Judge Montagu Bere, Q.C., was proved on July 22 by Francis Wentworth Bere, the son, and Ralph Buller Phillips, the nephew, the value of the estate being £19,077. The testatrix gives £500 and her leasehold house, 49, Norfolk Square, to her son Francis Wentworth; £500 to her son Henry Sidney; and specific gifts to her children. She appoints £6000, the funds of her marriage settlement, between her five daughters Alice Julia, Cecil Mary, Edith Mabel, Ada Margaret, and Rosamund Undecima. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, to make up the portions of her daughters to £3000 each, and, subject thereto, for her sons Sandford, Charles Fulbert, Henry Sidney, and Francis Wentworth.

The will of Dame Louisa Charlotte Carmichael, of 12, Sussex Place, Regent's Park, widow, who died on March 9, was proved on July 29 by Sir James Morse Carmichael, Bart., the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £2778.

The will of Mr. Raymond Henry Thrupp, of 89, New Bond Street, and Brook House, Twickenham, who died on July 9, was proved on July 29 by Miss Isabel Thrupp, sister and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £4100.



A BOWLING CHALLENGE CUP.

The Town Council of Arbroath have recently laid out a splendid public green for bowls at Lochlands, and in order to encourage this pleasant recreation, Mr. F.F. Macdonald, of Lochlands, has presented to the town a very handsome challenge cup, as above illustrated, to be held in trust for the players. The cup has been beautifully wrought in solid silver by Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of 220, Regent Street, W., and 65, Cheap-side, E.C., London.

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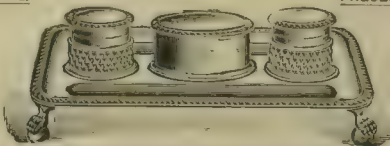


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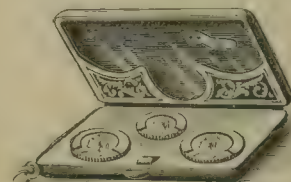
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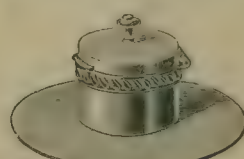
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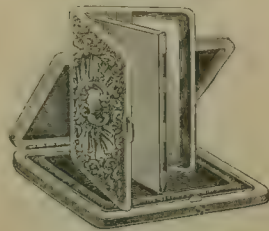


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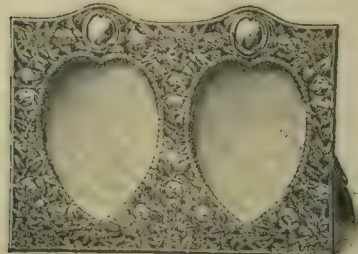
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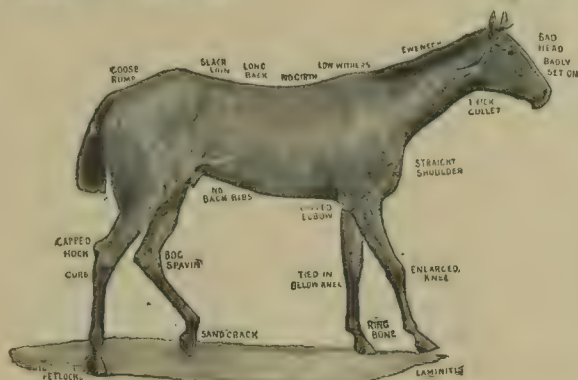
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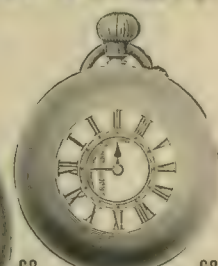
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DRINKS FOR HOT WEATHER.

"Yes, Sir," said the American gentleman to me, "the man who can invent a non-intoxicating drink suitable for the warm weather and capable of being consumed freely without giving rise to a sense of satiety and fullness deserves well of his fellow-men!" The American gentleman was engaged as he spoke in consuming his sixth lemon-squash, and the remark above quoted originated out of a protest which arose from another corner of the smoke-room. It emanated from a youthful cleric, whose plaint was that for example's sake he had to be a teetotaler, but that his sympathies (after a long course of temperance beverages) were very strongly with Paul in respect of his dietetic advice delivered to Timothy. The reasonable man close by averred that the argument was far too special to be fair and just. The amazing heat demoralises us, he argued; makes us physiologically demand much more water to replace that lost from the skin; and therefore causes us to look abroad for divers liquors at a pace and with a frequency which, in the cooler season, is unknown in the habits and practice of reasonable men. But all of us—American, curate, reasonable man, and others—were intent on solving the great question of the day: Given a parching and continuous thirst, how best to assuage it without fear of intoxicating oneself with the common or garden drinks of the land.

The problem is a deeper one than even the smoke-room philosophers appear to suppose. Man is a drinking, that is, a water-consuming, being, like all other forms of life, plants and animals included, because two-thirds of his frame consists of water, because he is always using up water in his vital acts, and because he is perpetually demanding it for the performance of all his bodily functions. The plant is also a water-consumer, and nothing kills it faster than dryness of its tissues. Therefore, we must all be agreed on the one cardinal point—that we must drink each day a fair amount of water, otherwise we must perish and die. Where the difficulty crops up has reference to the exact form in which it is best to ingest our water-supplies. We take our daily supply in the shape of tea, coffee, cocoa, beer, and other

liquors, and in milk itself—the percentage of water natural to the milk being, of course, frequently increased at the sweet will of the dairyman. Whatever we drink we get water in it, and the real difference in the drinking question centres around the things which are combined with the water. It may be theine and caffeine in our tea and coffee, or about five per cent. of alcohol in our beer, or ten per cent. in our claret, or fifty per cent. in the stronger "fire-waters." That which the smoke-room discussed was how to drink freely and palatably as well; for shocking as it may appear, the declaration is true that most temperance drinks are anything but palatable, many are absolutely nauseous, and it is the little dash of alcohol that seems to be required to satisfy the appetite of the average man.

I confess to having been making sundry investigations of late days into this question of beverages for the hot weather. It has been a trying time. I have upset my digestion considerably, and have nearly ruined my appetite in the course of my practical experiments—for they have all been of a thoroughly practical nature, and simple withal. "Sampling" requires no great training, though it may be trying to the constitution. One result of my inquiries into what people drink in the hot weather is to show that there is a boom in beers of a light kind. Most of the non-intoxicating beers (the Excise allows them two per cent. of alcohol) are, to my way of thinking, positively nauseous. They represent neither beer on the one hand nor (as the American put it) "respectable swipes" on the other. But there are one or two such light non-intoxicating beers that are really palatable. I came across a brand called "Banks' Beers," brewed in the north of London, which represents a successful attempt to produce a satisfying liquor such as a reasonable man can consume with some degree of pleasure, and, I will add, profit.

Of the whole tribe of atrated waters (unqualified, of course) I can only say that no ordinary mortal, save perhaps a healthy schoolboy, can long survive a course of undiluted lemonade, ginger-ale, or any such effervescing inanity. The doctored drinks—by which I mean lemon-squashes, lime-juice cordials, and the like—are open to a

similar objection. They are excellent in a way, but they soon pall upon you, and too much lemon is not a thing which conduces to cheerfulness of mind. The American—a veritable connoisseur in such things—says "lemons are depressing." Wherefore I never see him taking anything with lemon in it that does not contain an addition or two calculated to correct the depressing effect. Then as for cold tea, I regard that as depressing even in the very mention of its name. Cold tea is an anomaly. Every sane man wants his tea hot. Therefore, the smoke-room let the cold tea and gruel and things of that kind go by the board. Even the curate (who eats raisins when he cycles) shuddered when the tea was mentioned. My respect for that young man is rising rapidly.

Then, finally, we lighted on a drink which is not new at all, but which possesses a very high measure of venerable respectability—a beverage that our grandfathers used to like and benefit from in more ways than one—I mean barley-water. And it was the reasonable man who told us how to make it. I have made it, and I am a convert to barley-water. It is nourishing, satisfying, and, what is more, it is palatable. And here is the recipe: Get a tin of Robinson's Patent Barley, and have no nonsense with the old-fashioned seeds, and try it in the proportion of about a table-spoonful to three pints of water. Add a little sugar and lemon to flavour. You mix the patent barley with cold water, and then boil it. But are not these things written large on the tins? and so here I cease my researches. I have discovered barley-water for myself, and I am happy for all the rest of the hot weather, and perchance for many colder days to come. A. W.

Praise and encouragement (with due respect to "Filomena") should be given to every society engaged in the laudable task of fostering native industries. Especially deserving of support is the Association for the Improvement of Hand-made Pillow-Lace for the Counties of Northampton, Buckingham, and Bedford, with which the name of Ella M. Harrison is honourably connected. It is satisfactory to know that in one English village alone over £400 was earned by lace-workers last year.

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Of all our modern dramatists the most realistic is Shakspeare. That he happens to be the most poetic of the old ones is nothing against him, except, perchance, in the eyes of the most modern actor, who knows nothing about the speaking of his blank verse and cares less, and is, haply, even more ignorant of that supersubtle essence in the acting of his characters which might be defined as the Shakspearean spirit. It exalts, it excites, it affects the whole being, even as his whole being is affected who walks upon the mountain-tops and breathes into his lungs and into his heart and into his soul the rarefied splendour of the atmosphere.

But alas and alack and well-a-day, although in the modern drama we elect to be nothing if not realistic, in our Shakspeare we affect a modernity which is not realistic, it is not a realism which is—nothing. It shall not be said here, for it has been said times without number, that we bedeck and beclothe our plays until we weigh them down with a splendour which puts out their light, even as by heaping more coal upon a fire which we desire to warm us we only succeed in quenching the heat, and even, perhaps, in putting out the flame itself.

It must be said, however, that in the matter of realism, things that would never be permitted, and that no one

would ever dream of doing in the play of a modern author, are done time after time in the presentation of the works of him who "was not for an age but for all time." That is the advantage which a living playwright has over a dead dramatist. The one can come down to rehearsal and dictate and demonstrate, can insist here and inspect there, and can generally so badger and worry, that if he be only sufficiently energetic and insistent—and he generally is—it is his own fault if his men and women do not possess at least the outward visible attributes of the characters he saw in his imagination.

But, alas! for your dead dramatist. He can only look up with wondering eyes from the nether world and wonder how long things will go on as they are going, while his brother and sister shades in sympathetic silence gaze out of their unseeing eyes upon the plight which troubles his disembodied spirit.

It was not so very long ago that a well-graced actor produced "Macbeth." Whether he thought the public wanted to see Shakspeare's play, or whether he thought it wanted to see him in the part, or whether he thought many other things, it boots not to inquire. The simple fact remains, the play came on and—the play came off. During the course of the play, however, he who had eyes might see some curious things done in the name of realism.

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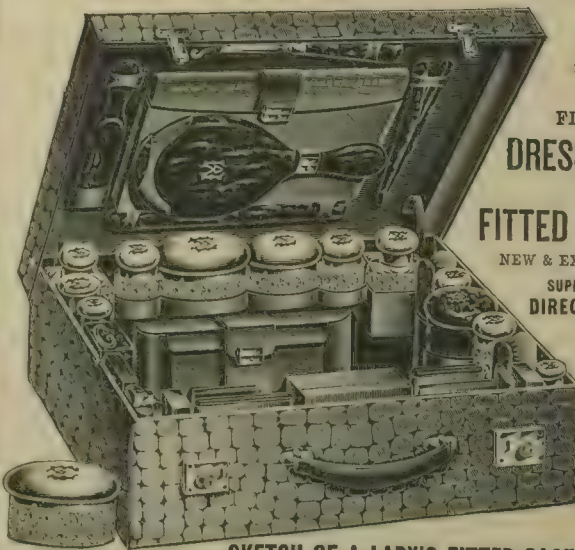
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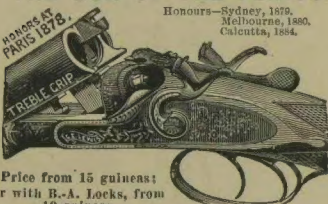
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At the end of the play, when Macbeth is grey with advancing years, Malcolm appears at the head of his army still as youthful, still as smart and spick and span as on the day when, many years before, he stood by his father Duncan's side to praise the wounded sergeant who had "fought 'gainst his captivity."

Even in the manner of clothes, too, there is much that the realist might have observed in that same production, for men came on and men went off, though years elapsed, still wearing the same garments.

Another time it was "Romeo and Juliet" which was served up by a poetically minded manager. Who is there who does not know what happens in that play when Romeo, thirsting for revenge at Mercutio's death, runs full tilt at the returning Tybalt, and after a brief encounter kills him on the spot. After this, in an ecstasy of fear, he takes himself straight off to Friar Lawrence's cell to hide until the more or less desultory search for him shall be over or a newer brawl eclipse the excitement of his breach of the peace, and he has word of his beloved Juliet. From the fight with Tybalt to Friar Lawrence's cell is, according to the author, but a single act, yet in this memorable production Romeo, wearing one suit of clothes, killed Tybalt, and then, presumably, went off home and changed his garments before he took shelter with the Friar; or was it that he borrowed a suit from the holy man which the latter kept as a disguise for those who went to him in similar emergencies? Whatever the reason, the fact remains that while the realism of the play demanded the same apparel, the actor of the hero deemed it necessary to change his clothes, and that as often as possible, without any regard to the congruity of the circumstances under which he did so.

Once more the play was changed, and Hamlet became

"the chalice for the nonce." It is a happy phrase, even though its meaning is obscure. But this is in parenthesis, as happy phrases always should be. Every thought of Hamlet brings up the question of his age, a controversy which has raged for many years for those who seek to read out of Shakspeare more than in him. How old is Hamlet? asked the "melancholy Prince" himself, as the writers on matters theatrical always call him whom they also dub the "moody Dane."

"Every fool can tell that," was the quick repartee, but that salutary lesson is not heeded of the modern actor seeking what he would designate the true realism. Thirty years of age, says Shakspeare, putting into the mouth of one of his characters the exposition relating to the other, as here and there throughout the text of all his plays he studs the speeches with descriptions that are relevant and important to the acting of his parts. Thirty years of age, and the fact is emphasised in sundry other places, notably in the play into which Hamlet himself inserted some pertinent or impertinent lines, and which was acted before the King, the Queen, and all the Court.

Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,

mark out a clear reference to the thirty years since the wedding of his father and mother. Yet within present memory one actor made Hamlet a youth in the early twenties, and another, with remarkable acumen, argued that although the grave-digger distinctly stated the Prince was thirty, it was due to forgetfulness and the garrulity of age. Forgetfulness and the garrulity of age! Yet the grave-digger had been sexton, "man and boy," only thirty years. Man and boy, and the realistic actor always represents him, not sturdily bordering on fifty, but on far old

age, despite the evidence of the man's fondness for singing and his humorous views of life, his profession and his quick turn of wit, all of which suggest the full maturity of power rather than the declining years of life.

Another time and tragedy gave place to comedy—red fancy played over the ghastly face of death, and "As You Like It" with the spirit of summer wooed all lovers to its mimic woods and dales. On Jaques, the foolish philosopher, the moraliser of spectacles, and his age, Audrey, in a casual line, throws the limelight of declaration. "The priest was good enough for all the old man's saying," is the reference when the cynic stopped her marriage by the hedgerow priest.

"Old man"! yet has the representative of Jaques been seen with hair as black as the raven's wing; and though he lived in a forest, the last place where men would consider appearance, and he himself was the last man who would regard the conventions of the Court, he appeared clean shaven, as though he had just emerged from the nearest barber's shop. Jaques looking thirty, and clean shaven! And his antithesis, the philosophic fool, the imitable Touchstone, is almost invariably represented as a man of unctuous humour, even though the author of his being described his brain as being "as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage."

It is a mad world, my masters, and the maddest of all worlds is that microcosm which prides itself on its realism. But its realism, in spite of its pride, is full often the realism of the man and not the master. Some day, maybe, when the public knows its Shakspeare better, it will bid its actors, as on a memorable occasion the Prince bade the players who sought to perform before him, to reform their bad tactics, not "indifferently" as now, but "altogether," as they ought to be.

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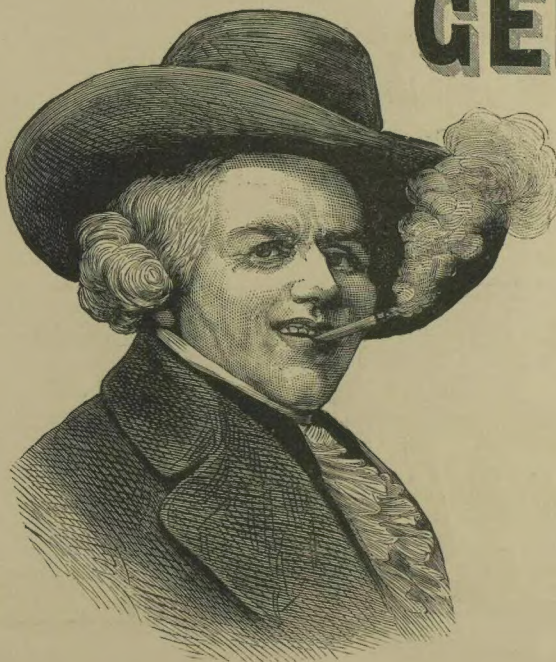
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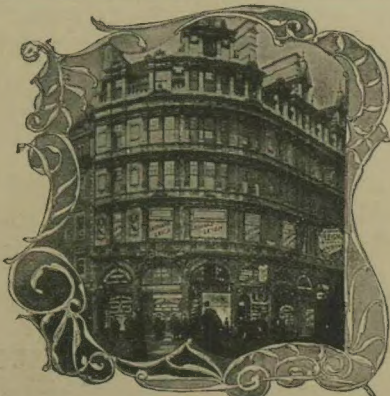
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